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VOLUME 104 NUMBER 2729

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The Cover

THERE rides a noble husband. He's given his wife a scooter so that she can do her shopping in triple-quick time. And if it also gives him an extra seven minutes, forty-nine seconds abed in the mornings because she can get him to the office quicker in an emergency, who's to blame him if emergencies begin happening with suspicious regularity? Zelinski says that there's another advantage in being a back-seat scooter commuter. It's less strain on the wrist than twenty minutes of acrobatic strap-hanging . . .

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our new feature, "We Advise."

Fast—And Lonely

Jet airliners are just going into service over the Atlantic. Curious, isn't it, how as communications get faster we get fewer opportunities to make friends?

I used to travel frequently to America on business. I went by sea, and always made new friends on the boat. My daughter even married the son of one of them.

Recently I had to go to the U.S. again, and for the first time I flew. I was there in less than twelve hours, but I can't say I enjoyed the trip. I hardly spoke to a soul all the way.

I got off in New York, alone, and went to my hotel, alone. If I hadn't had friends there already, I'd have been lonely all the time I was there. That's not my idea of progress.—T. LANE, Kidderminster, Worcestershire.

Unsafe Safe

We were arguing about the responsibility of banks in the case of loss of a customer's private papers or deeds which have been lodged in a bank for safe-keeping.

One man in the group said that if burglars raided a bank's strong-room and stole or destroyed a customer's property, the bank was not responsible.

I can't quite believe that this is true.—AUSTIN BURROWS, Highfield View Road, Chesterfield.

"Provided the bank has taken reasonable care of the property—which means that it was locked in a strongroom or similarly secured—it can disclaim responsibility," says a bank official. "If it has not taken adequate precautions, it may be liable, but that would be for the court to decide.

"In any case, banks often have no idea what was in a deposit box, and what could be easier than for a customer, after a robbery, to say that a few thousand pounds' worth of jewellery was stolen?"

Class Distinction

Knowing that the Ministry of Education encourages young people to attend night classes, I was surprised when I was refused entry because I attended day school.

There were only three people in the night class and the teacher would have welcomed more. As it would have helped me in studying for my General Certificate of Education, I cannot understand the objection. — MISS M. MADDEN, Blantyre, Lanarkshire.

"Unless there are exceptional circumstances, no local authority is going to encourage a child to take on evening classes in addition to a full-time G.C.E. course at a day school," says the Ministry of Education.

"Evening classes are intended for people who would otherwise have no chance to study at all."

Not Trusted

As a rambler and lover of the countryside I have come to the conclusion that land marked "National Trust" or "National Park" should be strictly avoided.

I have been ordered off at the point of a gun for no explained reason, curtly asked to withdraw twenty-five yards from a beautiful stretch of river bank on the strength of a notice proclaiming fishing rights—and rudely rebuked for

picking a small bunch of heather in a part of the country where it is as profuse as sand in the desert. As the warden remarked at the time, "You shouldn't touch nothing."

No doubt this excludes other people's litter, which I have often buried, and the stone walls I have replaced.—V. GRIMSTER, Heyworth Street, Derby.

"Everybody has access to all our land," says the National Trust. "But you have to behave yourself. We let land to farmers; also fishing rights—and, of course, the tenants can defend their interests as they could elsewhere. Our by-laws leave it to the wardens' discretion when flowers can be picked."

School Tax

It seems very unfair that a parent who gets an income tax allowance of £150 for a child over sixteen getting full-time education should lose that whole allowance if his child leaves at the end of the school and not the tax year.

Thus parents are penalized for keeping their children at school till July, although Christmas and Easter leavers do not lose the allowance.—MRS. A. M. POLLARD, Little Courne, near Canterbury.

"You don't lose the allowance because your child leaves school," says the Inland Revenue. "We assume that a child leaves school to work—and earn money. Between leaving school and the end of the tax year earnings will almost certainly exceed the allowance.

"It doesn't matter when you leave school, but how much is earned."

Rabbit Luck

Maybe a black rabbit, like a black cat, can be considered lucky ("Free Speech," September 27).

My father was a gamekeeper and we had shooting parties most week-ends. At nearly every shoot a black rabbit appeared, but never was a gun raised against it. The cry always went up, "There goes the parson"—which may be why black rabbits still survive.—E. J. COX, Plantation Road, Amersham, Bucks.

Better Taste

Reading of different tastes in biscuits (JOHN BULL, September 13) makes me wonder why I have to use twice as much salt and sugar in cooking as I did prewar.—MRS. A. GALTRESS, Lankers Drive, Harrow.

"This is very probably a result of the improvement in our taste in food since the war," says a cookery expert. "As people's palates improve they tend to appreciate wider ranges of flavour."

I'm A Miracle

I have just recovered from a hole-in-the-heart operation, performed at the Middlesex Hospital, London, on June 18, so I was particularly interested in the article "Marvels Of Modern Medicine" (JOHN BULL, September 20). I believe I am one of these modern miracles, because I reached the age of forty-two with a hole as big as a half-crown in my heart, and am considered old for this operation. Now, three months afterwards, I am doing my own wallpapering and decorating, and am full of vim and vigour. — MRS. OLIVE STUBLEY, Rufford Road, Ruddington, Notts.

Horse Feed

We have grass verges outside the bungalows in our road and depend quite a bit on the milkman's horse to keep the edges cropped. The other morning I called out to him, "Will you let your horse concentrate

on the right-hand side this morning?"

The answer came back pat. "I'm sorry, Mum, but he's booked for numbers ninety-three and ninety-five today." — MISS E. W. PIPE, Cokeham Lane, Lancing, Sussex.

Road Up?

I hope that those responsible for the new motor roads have not laid them over water pipes, sewers, gas mains or telephone cables—except, of course, when these happen to cross the road at right angles.

It will be a major tragedy if local councils and other bodies are allowed to begin their time-hallowed game of digging up the road every few yards in order to replace the original smooth surface with a dangerous hotch-potch of patches.—S. E. WILMOTT, Bath, Somerset.

"Most 'services' follow existing roads, so the motorways aren't likely to be dug up very much," says the Ministry of Transport. "Where old roads cross the motorways, either over or under, the pipes and cables will go with them."

Play The Game

I was interested in Francis Hitching's article ("There's Money In Soccer, But Who Gets It?" JOHN BULL, September 20).

It seems to me that soccer clubs are often not honest with the public. At intervals they plead with the crowds to roll up and see the team, giving a dire warning that otherwise the club may be in severe financial difficulty, or even go out of existence.

They struggle along on small

The Buds & the Bees No. 8.

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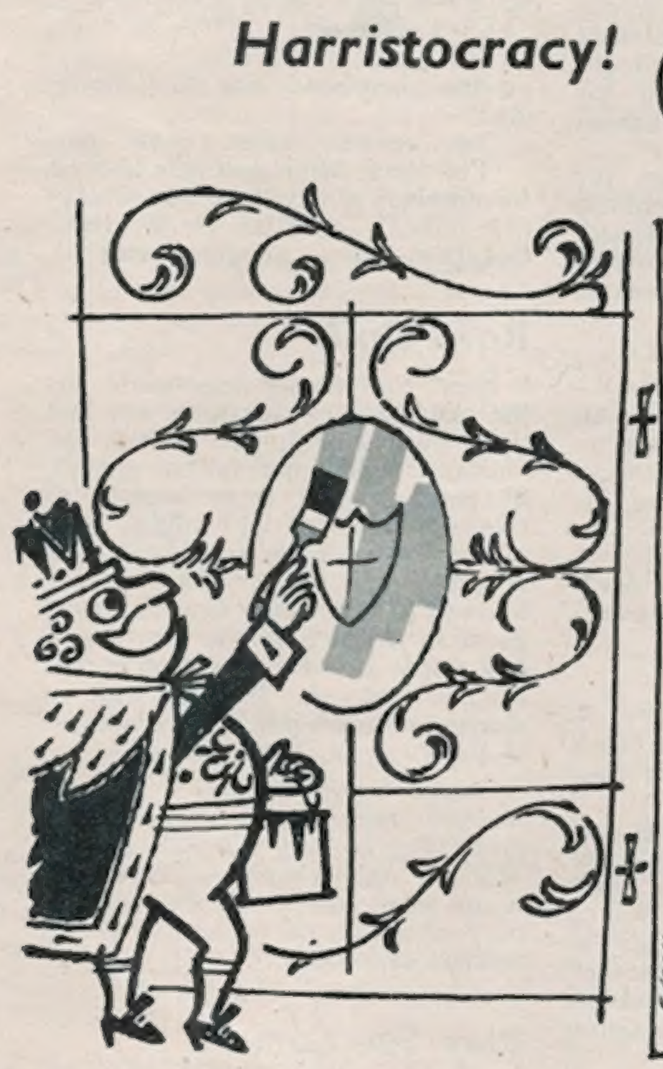

Whether you're painting the inside or outside of your stately home, a Harris paint brush is definitely the thing to have. The bristles (locked in rubber) won't come out! The Harris *Junior* is good (1" at 2/6 to 4" at 12/6). The Harris *Standard* is better (½" at 2/- to 4" at 19/6). The very Harristocratic *Super* is best of all!

the bristles won't come out

Harris the paint brush with a name to its handle

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

attendances, declare a loss at the end of the season, and then, before the new season begins, they are able to erect new stands, install new machinery, repair buildings and generally spend a lot of money.

Does this mean that the club is in the red indefinitely? If other businesses ran at a loss, they would economize or cease to exist. — MAURICE H. PRIOR, Halls Road, Tilehurst, Reading.

Secret Queue

Why don't post offices have private cubicles for those who are banking or drawing out money?

I know that the secrecy rule is strictly observed by the staff. But what use is that when neighbours can learn about our private affairs simply by peeping over a shoulder? —JOHN E. REED, College Avenue, Tavistock, Devon.

"Too expensive and wasteful of space and manpower," says the Post Office. "Counter spaces dealing with confidential business are shielded on each side and we think that quite adequate."

Question Time

As a minister I welcome the suggestion that members of the congregation should be able to put questions about the sermon ("Free Speech," September 27). Indeed, I've tried the idea in my own church with great success.

After all, it would show whether or not the minister had put the case properly, and whether he is really convinced about the things he preaches.

It would also present an opportunity for the expression of problems that may be troubling people —and so be of help to others.

Another point. If I had *no* answer to the question, I would say so. It may be that a member of the congregation would be able to help me. After all, the minister doesn't know everything. — REV. L. P., Glasgow.

Water, Water . . .

Surely there is something wrong when, despite all the modernization on the railways, you can't get a little thing like a glass of water on

a train journey unless you go to the restaurant car.—J. MCINTOSH, Hope Street, Greenock.

Ice-cooled water is available on trains in the United States.

"We have tried laying on drinking water," say British Railways, "but it has been found impracticable to provide a hygienic system at a reasonable cost."

I'm Lost

What should you do if you find a lost child? The question came to my mind after reading "Is Your Child Safe From Strangers?" (JOHN BULL, September 20).

I live in a seaside resort, and recently I led a lost three-year-old around several streets for almost an hour, hoping he would identify the house where he was staying.

I then suggested going to the police station—about two miles away—where his mother would be sure to look for him. But he very properly refused to go on a bus with me.

Fortunately his sister arrived and solved the problem, but after reading your article I feel that the correct thing to do would have been to telephone immediately for the police.—MRS. M. A. NICOL, Sandown Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

"Yes, phone the police," says Scotland Yard. "It's far better than alarming the child by trying to take him with you."

Early Nautilus

While visiting Bergen naval docks in 1931 I saw a submarine named Nautilus preparing for a trip under

Arctic ice. She was commanded by Sir George Hubert Wilkins. Stores were being taken aboard when this photograph was taken. — E. B., Slaggyford, Carlisle.

This early Nautilus was loaned to Sir George—an Australian engineer-turned-explorer—for Arctic exploration. Although she had already lost a diving rudder, Nautilus went under six feet of ice on September 11, 1931, and was severely damaged.

Considered no longer seaworthy, Nautilus was sunk in Bergen fiord. The America Shipping Board decided not to claim ten thousand dollars which Sir George deposited as a guarantee of the submarine's return.

Guess Who

The colourful illustrations to stories in JOHN BULL give my family a weekly game—Guess the Artist. We are now so familiar with many of their styles that we are often right in our guesses.

But I have noticed recently that artists' names have not always been given. Who painted the dramatic illustration for Agatha Christie's new serial "Ordeal By Innocence" in your September 20 issue? We thought it looked like Fancett's work.

Your weighing machine scene on the following week's cover stumped us. Your cover story did not name the artist.—MRS. P. ROSS, Southampton.

Yes, it was Fancett. He also illustrated our earlier Agatha Christie serials "Dead Man's Folly" and "Hickory Dickory Dock."

The cover artist was Derek Chittock.

No Takers

Why not sell bus tickets in books—like books of stamps—at 2s. 6d. and 5s. each?

That way, time would be saved on buses, and conductors' work would be much less arduous. — J. H., Knowle, Bristol.

"A fine idea—in theory," says Bristol Omnibus Company. "But experience shows that people will not buy books of tickets unless a substantial price reduction is made. That's something few transport concerns can afford."

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YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH

Beginning the epic story of St. Nazaire

The greatest raid of all

by C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS

FORTY minutes before midnight on Friday, March 27, 1942, while lightning flashed upon a clouded sky, air-raid sirens roused from their sleep the citizens of the French port of St. Nazaire. They roused also the Germans who held so tight a grip on a port vital to the Nazi purpose.

Another R.A.F. raid was imminent.

Very soon every window in the town was shaking as the German guns opened fire in a cannonade more violent than any heard before. Fountains of red and green tracer were shooting up.

The same spectacle, vivid as distant fireworks in the wide night, was seen from far out to sea by a flotilla of little British ships moving steadily in upon a mission that was soon to shake the German defences to their foundations and bring to the patriot French a surge of hope and bitter trial.

To the ears of the French and Germans there came from above the clouds, mingled with the hum of German fighter aircraft, the deep drone of heavy bombers.

Yet only four aircraft released their bombs. A fire was started in the Forge de l'Ouest, hard by the great Normandie Dock.

The planes circled and manoeuvred. Then one by one they turned away.

No object whatever seemed to have been achieved—except that the fire in the Forge de l'Ouest continued to burn fiercely. The guns ceased fire, the searchlights were switched off and an uneasy quiet settled upon the town.

Neither French nor Germans knew that this strange behaviour of the British was mainly due to humanitarian reasons. For the thunderclouds so obscured the pilots' vision that they were unable to make out with certainty the German-occupied docks which were their objective. Rather than bring avoidable peril to French civilians, they abandoned their mission, as they had been told to do.

Gradually, the clouds that had impeded the bombers cleared and a full moon—the moon that would have guided them surely to their mark—shone through the higher nimbus.

Nobody noticed a German patrol boat winking an urgent signal of alarm away at the mouth of the river.

At one-thirty in the morning of the twenty-eighth, Frenchmen in the boulevard President Wilson, which runs along the seafront south-westwards from the docks, saw to their astonishment two lines of motor-boats and launches riding up the estuary, illuminated from both banks of the river by a concentration of searchlights that flung their beams horizontally upon the sea.

Artillery began to fire—at first intermittently, and with uncertain note; then in a violent crescendo. To this was quickly added the sharp rattle of machine-guns.

The listening French, excitement beginning to mount in their hearts, next heard great explosions, as of mines or very heavy charges, shake the houses. Debris spattered down in the streets and on the roofs.

For about an hour this violent clamour went on. Then it gradually assumed a somewhat different note, as a few of the launches—so very few—turned their bows to the open sea and, at full speed, once more ran the gauntlet of the German batteries. German lorries were heard driving at speed through the streets of the town, laden with troops, and presently the dominant sounds were those of machine-guns and rifles and the sharp bursts of hand-grenades. Armoured cars tore through the streets. An infantry battle was being fought.

Before daylight all gunfire ceased, but desultory rifle fire was heard in the streets of the town itself.

Two figures in khaki hammered at the front door of a little house and said in garbled French: "Show us the way through to the back." They passed through, climbed a wall and were gone.

At another house a tall, moustached figure in a kilt asked for water for the wounded. Other shadowy figures moved from house to house. Men bleeding from wounds sought shelter in cellars.

MORNING brought confusion and terror. The Germans thought that an invasion was being attempted and suspected that the patriot French would rise in support of it. They picketed every road junction in the town, firing at shadows and at each other.

The Nazairiens, of course, were completely in the dark—and the Germans, angry, bewildered and nervous, almost as much so. Was this really the prelude to invasion? If not, what had been the objective of the British?

It was a few days later, as the full story was disclosed to the eyes of R.A.F. cameras and to the ears of the British Intelligence Services, that the gallant exploit of St. Nazaire stood revealed, not as a mere nuisance raid but, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, as "a deed of glory intimately involved in high strategy. . . ."

St. Nazaire, standing on the north bank of the mile-wide estuary of the great river Loire, is six miles back from the open waters of the Bay of Biscay. Except that it is French, it does not differ greatly from other dockyard towns. The cooking is better than on Tyneside or the Clyde, but not the sanitation.

UNLIKE La Baule, the fashionable watering-place eight miles to the westward, St. Nazaire is a town garbed for the greater part in tones of sombre grey.

Here no fashionable hotels earn multiple stars in the traveller's guide-book. No smart shops tempt the wealthy client. Trams jangle along its streets, and of its fifty thousand inhabitants the most important element is that which works daily in the great docks.

To St. Nazaire the fall of France brought the bitterness of enemy occupation. The Germans held the town firmly in their grasp and the great docks were conscripted to their warlike needs.

The Germans took care to fortify the town and docks heavily, adding to the existing French defences. They had about five thousand men in the defences and on ships in the port, and about another thousand along the shores of the estuary.

St. Nazaire was, indeed, so important that it was the most strongly fortified German base along the whole of the western seaboard of Europe, except Brest. It was an ideal lair for submarines. Above all, it contained the special dock built for the great French transatlantic liner Normandie.

This was the largest in the world—the only dock on the Germans' whole western seaboard that would accommodate the new battleship Tirpitz, claimed to be the most powerful warship of the world's navies, which at that moment was in Norwegian waters, having finished her trials.

To the Allies, the import of this menacing fact had been seen all too clearly the year before when Bismarck, sister ship of Tirpitz, had broken out into the Atlantic and presented a fearful risk to our merchant shipping before she was sunk.

Should Tirpitz venture out on a similar mission and sustain damage, she stood virtually no chance at all of returning to her home waters by the far northern route, as we should be waiting for her. This Hitler well knew. St. Nazaire was the only port in the world open to her.

The British naval planning staff were also well aware of the issue before them. Destroy the Normandie Dock, and Tirpitz would almost certainly not risk going into the Atlantic.

The Prime Minister himself, in a minute to the chiefs of staff on January 25, 1942, wrote: "No other target is comparable to it [Tirpitz]. . . . The whole strategy of the war turns at this period on this ship."

An attempt to devise a means of attacking St. Nazaire began as early as August 10, 1941, when Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, of Zeebrugge fame, was head of Combined Operations, but the scheme was thought to be too difficult at that time.

Even Mountbatten after his arrival at Combined Operations H.Q. as director, and subsequently as chief, seems to have regarded the adventure as impracticable. In November of 1941 he asked Special Operations Executive if they could undertake the demolitions by means of their secret "cloak and dagger" agents. For S.O.E., however, it was far too big a task.

ONE day late in January the following year Mountbatten had lunch with his friend, Captain Charles Lambe, who was deputy director of plans at the Admiralty and about to become director. During the meal Lambe brought up the matter of St. Nazaire. He was a good deal worried by the threat of Tirpitz and disappointed that nothing had come of the idea to raid the port.

"Could Combined Operations examine it in a fresh light?" he asked.

It so happened that at C.O.H.Q. in Richmond Terrace, off Whitehall, on that same morning, the naval adviser, Captain John Hughes-Hallett, had been running his eye down a map of the French coast, looking for targets. What appealed to him in St. Nazaire was a flaw in the defences that allowed light-draught ships to approach over the mud-flats at the high water of extraordinary spring tides. Ships that did

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARDS

Into the harbour of fury sailed the gallant six hundred. Their fantastic act of courage was to win them death and glory—and five Victoria Crosses

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

it would avoid passing directly under the guns guarding the deep-water Charpentiers Channel.

This Lord Louis Mountbatten heard when he returned from lunching with Lambe. He summoned his staff. "I think this is worth going into again," he said. "Let's get out something unconventional."

Operation Chariot, as it became known, was by far the most important task that Combined Operations had yet tackled. Things moved with speed.

It might never have been possible to have planned the job with complete confidence, in spite of the very detailed Intelligence file on St. Nazaire, if it had not been for one very fortunate circumstance.

It so happened that the enormous sliding steel gates, or caissons, of the Normandie Dock were of almost identical design to those of the great King George V Dock at Southampton.

It was not long before, in answer to an urgent request, an engineer of the Southern Railway, the owners of the King George V Dock, arrived within the doors of C.O.H.Q. He caused some little flutter because, in the middle of a battledress London, he arrived silk-hatted and morning-coated, on the way to attend an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

The silk-hatted visitor, bearing plans and specifications, revealed all and offered his help for any technical calculations. If he made some shrewd guess that it was St. Nazaire that the planners were interested in, and not the King George V Dock, he kept his thoughts to himself.

A powerful force on conventional lines to fight its way through to the dock was neither available nor appropriate. The utmost economy of force was demanded. The planners therefore decided to attack the main target—the southern caisson, the one open to approach from the sea—by ramming it with an "explosive ship." By this was meant an old destroyer (no smaller ship would make sufficient impact) with her bows packed with high explosive, which would be detonated by a delayed-action fuse after she had been evacuated.

Power installations, gun positions and other shore targets would be destroyed by parties of commandos landed from the destroyer.

The big problem was to get the raiding force there.

How could it expect to sail through those last six miles of highly sensitive and protected waters, past batteries of guns and searchlights, ram the caisson and actually land its troops? What hope was there that the commandos, if landed, could penetrate several hundred yards into a dockyard full of Germans and carry out sabotage under their noses?

There remained the method of surprise by diversion; and the means of diversion proposed was a bombing raid.

"I know myself," said Mountbatten, "what happens when explosions go off and you don't know what's up. I am sure that if there are a lot of bangs going on the Germans will look up in the air and won't think of the sea."

Bomber Command, therefore, were asked to support the operation by a raid of not less than 350 aircraft, to continue while the commandos were actually at their demolition tasks ashore.

Operation Chariot also demanded a close study of the tides and the moon's phases. The advantages of moonlight were preferred to those of darkness.

The only opportunity

A full tide and full moon at St. Nazaire between midnight and 2 a.m. were found to exist in the last week of March. After that, in view of the shortening nights, there would be no suitable opportunity until the autumn.

There was not much time. . . .

The chiefs of staff approved the plan for the raid on February 25. Churchill was informed of their decision and was well pleased with it. The audacity of its conception and the calculated acceptance of known risks heartily appealed to him.

The King was also told and he took the greatest interest in the operation.

The use of a flotilla of motor launches —the famous "Fairmiles" of the British light coastal forces—to accompany the destroyer was not much to the liking of the Chariot planners.

They were extremely vulnerable and inflammable, being built of mahogany and powered by petrol, so that if hit they were liable, in the words of a young officer at one conference, "to go up like a box of matches."

But there seems to have been no alternative craft available.

Combined Ops itself could supply no more than the troops to carry out the shore demolitions; it could provide no expendable ship and no motor launches at all.

Hughes-Hallett accordingly began negotiations with the Admiralty. He telephoned the naval assistant to the Second Sea Lord who dealt with officers' appointments, and said: "I want an able commander for a special job. He must be a really first-class man."

The naval assistant replied, somewhat cynically: "Oh, I know these special jobs. They are always getting cancelled."

"This one won't be. Much too important."

"I'll see what can be done, but the best men are pretty well booked up. Is it really so necessary to have a specially able chap?"

"You can count on a V.C. for him, if that's a guide."

Not even Hughes-Hallett, however, could foresee that the outcome would be not one Victoria Cross but five. . . .

Meanwhile, a young naval officer named Commander Robert Ryder was sitting at the headquarters of Southern Command at Wilton House, near Salisbury, the ancestral home of the Earls of Pembroke.

Ryder—whose initials, R.E.D., led inevitably to his being called "Red"—felt frustrated. He longed to be at sea. Thirty-four years old, a little below middle height, dark-haired, deep-chested and of determined and forthright character, he was, with one exception, the youngest commander in the navy.

He joined the navy by public school entry and grew up to be what a fellow-officer describes as "a man of calm and rock-like reliability, with immense reserves of courage and endurance." Buoyant in spirit, he was nevertheless no "jolly sailorman" of fiction, but a professional naval officer, closely attentive to detail, strict in his own performance and with a sharp eye for the performance of others.

It was one day in February, 1942, that he received a surprise signal from the Admiralty ordering him to attend a conference at C.O.H.Q. at three o'clock on the twenty-sixth.

Wondering what it could all be about, Ryder took a train to London.

An officer in another service was also fretting at prolonged frustration.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Newman, commander of No. 2 Commando of the Special Service Brigade, was thirty-eight years old, married and had a small family. He was of middle height and solid build, and his fair hair was beginning to retreat from his forehead. His face, of which his pipe was almost a permanent feature, was illumined by a lively intelligence and a quizzical good-humour.

To all his officers and men, though not to his face, he was "Colonel Charles"—in the same way that Major William Copland, his second-in-command, was "Major Bill," and Captain Stanley Day, his adjutant, was "Captain Stan."

In mid-February, when Newman was in Ayr, getting bored with inactivity, Brigadier J. C. Haydon, Mountbatten's deputy, suddenly sent for him.

Newman hears the news

On arrival in London, Newman took a room, by a quirk of chance, at the Normandie Hotel, and soon afterwards made his way in the cold winter sunshine to Richmond Terrace. He found that Haydon had not yet arrived, but his pulse quickened as he listened to veiled remarks by the staff.

"Do you know what the job is?" asked one of them.

"I haven't a clue," Newman answered breezily.

Another handed him a very fat file and said: "Perhaps you would like to look through this, sir, while you are waiting." It was the St. Nazaire Intelligence file.

While Newman was still wondering what it was all about, Haydon arrived and they went together into a private room, where Haydon broke the news.

After outlining the plan, he said: "The dock demolitions are to be carried out by combined demolition squads. Your commando is to provide the fighting troops for the operation, and you are to be the military force commander." He added: "This is by far the biggest job yet attempted by the commandos."

Newman was electrified. "I was filled with elation," he says. "Here was a goal as exciting as any man could wish for."

With a smile of anticipation, he awaited the conference that had been called for February 26.

Mountbatten presided over the conference and announced that Ryder was to be the naval force commander. Afterwards, Brigadier Haydon introduced to each other the two men who were to be so closely bound together in this exploit, and upon whom all now centred.

They shook hands, sized each other up and were satisfied. It was the beginning of a warm friendship, each man recognizing the other's qualities.

'It's a really saucy job'

Ryder was puzzled. He had arrived late at the conference, and throughout his time there no mention was made of the objective. He asked Newman: "Where the hell *is* this place we are supposed to attack?"

Newman laughed. "Good heavens! Haven't they told you? It's St. Nazaire."

"Nobody's told me a thing," replied Ryder. "What are we supposed to do there?"

"Blow up a lot of dock gates and so on. A really saucy job—the sauciest since Drake."

There followed for both of them desperately hard work, the days and nights spent in journeys, conferences, specialist consultations, arguments, long hours of hard thinking and the study of charts, plans, air photos and intelligence reports. They had only a month to go.

The destroyer was provided. She was

continued on page 29

Lieutenant-Commander Sam Beattie, Commander Robert Ryder and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Newman. Each won the V.C. for leading the brilliant raid on St. Nazaire

The Secombes at home with Jennifer and Andy. Mimicry is second nature to Harry. He delights in talking nonsense—particularly to foreigners

Everything's wild about Harry

The bells rang out and there I was, married to a madman. But it makes life interesting. One day he's a singing steamroller and the next a crazy goldfish

by MYRA SECOMBE

Our daughter Jennifer, aged nine, was sad at the end of her summer term of school this year. She had finished a few places lower in her class than usual, and nothing I could do would console her. She went to bed unhappy, and the next morning she was still worried.

Harry had been working the day before, and didn't see her until breakfast. "Upset?" he asked.

"Well, sort of," Jennifer agreed.

"Do you know what I think of school reports?" asked Harry, and without waiting for a reply popped open his eyes like a lunatic, pursed his lips and blew through them like a trumpeter. Jennifer wasn't convinced, but she smiled wanly.

"Twenty-sixth I was at school," Harry went on. "Twenty-sixth out of twenty-eight, and the other two had been forbidden by their mothers to learn anything because they might want to leave the zoo where they lived with the monkeys." Jennifer giggled.

"My schoolteacher was a funny chap," said Harry. "Dead ignorant. Didn't even know what two and two made. Kept saying they made four."

"But they do make four, Daddy," said Jennifer.

"They do?" said Harry, opening his eyes in mock astonishment, "You really mean it? My word, I don't know why you didn't finish first in your class."

"Oh, you are silly, Daddy," Jennifer said happily. "Of course I am," said Harry, blowing harder than ever and pulling another face. "I'm mad, mad, mad."

He wasn't far wrong. Life with Harry is a long, loud, boisterous nonsense—rather like having a Welsh rugby fifteen in the house. When I hear a piercing top C in the bathroom in the morning, I know he's out of bed, just making sure his voice still works.

When he comes tumbling downstairs I don't know if his first words will be spoken in a broad Welsh, Scots, north country or Oxford accent.

They may not even make sense. The other morning he greeted me with: "Shilling's worth of chips, please—wood shavings, of course."

It's wonderful for the children. Harry will imitate anything that comes into the conversation—a rabbit, a steamroller or a goldfish.

When we leave the house, it's just the same. When Harry and I go on holiday we choose some nice, quiet place—like the Isle of Ischia, where we went last spring—and eat in nice, quiet restaurants.

At least that is what they are like until Harry arrives. There's something about him that people can't help noticing. He is seventeen stone, and five feet seven inches tall, and on holiday he often wears shorts. His knees are fat, and a bit bowed.

If this isn't enough to set people laughing, his voice usually is. I remember a café in Ischia where we were having lunch for the first time. The Spanish waiter bowed low. "Good morning, Fred," said Harry, in a ridiculous, high-pitched voice, shaking the hand with which the waiter was waving us towards a table. "Bed and breakfast for two, if you please."

We sat down and Harry started ordering immediately, in a rapid, German voice. He had the menu upside down, so he switched to ordering Chinese dishes, in a Chinese voice.

By this time everyone else had

continued on page 44

An ancient Eastern way of life inspires today's

THE YOGA ROAD TO HEALTH

by Bankim Nandi

Principal of the Yoga Centre

THE ultimate aim of Yoga is to produce wisdom beyond the grasp of intellect, and the means employed include one of the world's most perfect systems of physical culture. It is only after abundant health has been produced in the body that it is possible to achieve complete control of the mind.

The Yoga of physical health and its effect on the human body is *Hatha Yoga*. It teaches the fundamentals upon which good health depends; correct feeding, exercise, and relaxation. The appropriate food is based on the vegetarian varieties—raw fruit, vegetables, nuts and cheeses.

Exercise is provided by the practice of various postures—*asanas*—which are designed to assist the correct functioning of all parts of the body. Regular practice of these postures keeps the body supple and youthful even into old age. There is no age limit in Yoga—many of my pupils are in their sixties, and others are under ten years of age.

Taking away the strain

Yoga, a way of life, has become popular in western countries as a form of physical culture which also brings mental relaxation. Its devotees have included the actress Olivia de Havilland, Yehudi Menuhin the violinist, the Israeli Prime Minister, David Ben-Gurion, and thousands of other people who seek mental and physical relief from the stresses of modern life.

During the past twelve years, which I have spent as a teacher of Yoga in London, I have tried to adapt it to the particular needs of people who are compelled to live at a much faster pace than Indian ascetics.

Controlled, efficient breathing associated with concentration of the mind—*pranayama*—is the first essential of Yoga training, in which body, breath, and mind are inseparably linked together.

In performing the breathing exercises, we are concerned with the physical aspect of breathing, and the spiritual aspect of *prana*, which flows to a corresponding rhythm. *Prana* is the Sanskrit name for pure energy, or "life force."

It is difficult at first for a beginner to assimilate the spiritual nature of *prana*, but the phrase "at will" is the key. Imagine a strong stimulating current flowing through your body to the same rhythm as your breath. In this way the controlled breathing rhythm is communicated to the mind, and becomes a link between physical and mental relaxation.

The breathing exercises and the postures together produce a satisfactory physical condition for the contemplation which is the next step towards control of the mental faculties.

The exercises shown on this page are recommended for beginners, and will serve as a useful introduction to Yoga. But first is a preliminary breathing exercise, with the emphasis on cleaning the nerves. The others may be attained with regular practice.

The first step: a—Close the right nostril with the thumb of the right hand and breathe slowly and deeply through the left nostril. Physically you should feel a full expansion of the ribs and abdomen and all round the area of the diaphragm, and then a filling upwards—rather like filling a glass with liquid—until the expansion is felt right over the back and chest, and up through the shoulders.

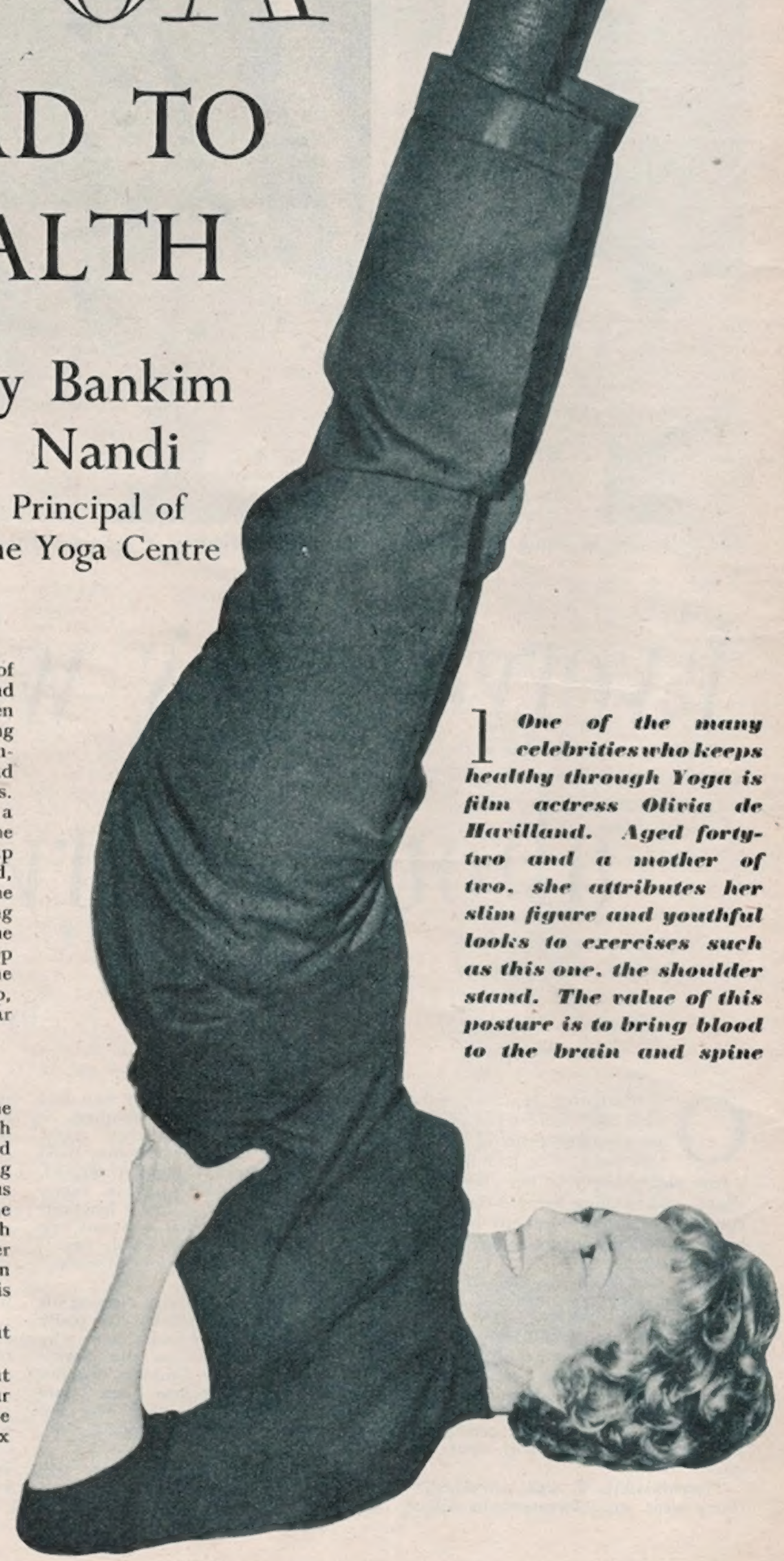
Imagine a channel in the shape of a letter "C" and running from the point where air enters the nose up through the centre of the forehead, continuing up and over and down the top and back of the head, continuing down the spine and forward to the solar plexus. As you take your deep inhalation, at the same time imagine the *prana* being drawn right up, over, down and forward to the solar plexus along this route.

Expelling the impurity

b—Open the right nostril, at the same time closing the left nostril with the fourth finger of the right hand and exhale slowly and easily, drawing the *prana* back from the solar plexus and along the same route, but in the reverse direction. As the final breath of air leaves the body the lower abdomen is drawn right in, and in your imagination every impurity is expelled.

c—Inhale exactly as in *a*, but through the right nostril.

d—Exhale exactly as in *b*, but through the left nostril. These four movements constitute one cycle. The complete exercise consists of six cycles.



One of the many celebrities who keeps healthy through Yoga is film actress Olivia de Havilland. Aged forty-two and a mother of two, she attributes her slim figure and youthful looks to exercises such as this one, the shoulder stand. The value of this posture is to bring blood to the brain and spine

NEXT WEEK—HOW TO HARNESS YOUR MIND

keep-fit fashion

2 *The half-spine twist demonstrated by a Yoga pupil. Cross your right leg over the left, then pull your left foot back slowly, doubling up your left leg*

3 *The Cobra posture stretches and massages the spine and tones up the nerves which lead to it. Lie face down, place your hands on the floor on each side of your chest with your head back, and slowly press back until your spine is almost upright*

4 *Another advanced exercise which the beginner may attempt is the Locust. Lying face down, arms alongside the body, and heels touching, lift your legs into the air to an angle of forty-five degrees from the ground*

5 *Another and harder spinal exercise is the Bow. Lying on your stomach, bend your legs at right angles. Then start slowly raising your trunk and legs at the same time until you can grip your ankles with your hands. To gain most benefit, you must have your arms fully extended*

6 *The Plough posture brings blood to your brain. Start in the shoulder stand, then bend the body until your toes touch the floor. Your arms should be extended with palms down. Then uncoil your body very slowly. Practise these postures regularly*

A VITAL DRAMA OF OUR TIME . . . THE

The Northern Light

by A. J. CRONIN

NORTH-COUNTRY owner-editor Henry Page was passionately proud of his paper, the *Northern Light*. When a big Fleet Street gutter-press combine tried to buy him out, he scornfully refused its offer. . . . But now he was up against it. His opponents had bought up a rival local paper, the *Chronicle*, and were fighting him ruthlessly for readers. . . .

Page had other worries, too. His health was poor. And he got no support from his family—from his pampered wife Alice; his spoiled teenage daughter Dorothy; or his neurotic son David, who lived a recluse's life in the nearby fishing village of Sleedon. Only his warm-hearted working-class daughter-in-law Cora was any comfort to him.

Things got worse. Page needed money to carry on the fight. He went to Sir Archibald Wellsby, chairman of the Northern Borough Bank, to ask for an overdraft—and was refused.

In spite of everything, the *Northern Light* was holding its own. But a blow was about to descend that looked like breaking Page for good.

The *Daily Chronicle* was being run by two unscrupulous Fleet Street men, Harold Smith and Leonard Nye—and Nye had made a discovery. Page's paper was printed in a rented hall which contravened the Factory Act. Nye's plan was to buy the hall over Page's head and get it condemned. Then, with his printing works out of action, the next edition of Henry Page's *Northern Light* would be the last. . . .

As Nye outlined the plan, Smith let out a long, gasping breath.

"That's it," he urged. "You've got it this time. And all dead legal. He'd never get back into circulation. Never."

PART THREE

ON the morning of July 1, Page came to the office earlier than usual. The day was fine and promised to be hot. Recently the weather had turned sultry.

His first action, rapid and involuntary, was to look at the returns. Then he drew a sharp breath of satisfaction. Again sales showed a definite increase; only nine hundred copies, to be sure, nevertheless a continuation of that upturn which had sustained and encouraged him during the past month.

There could be no doubt about it—the trend was unmistakable. If only he could hold out a little longer he was saved.

Yet no one knew better than he how hard it was to keep going. These last four weeks had been a nightmare. Even with the most rigid economy, by stretching his credit to the limit, using every means to stave off mounting demands for payment, existing from hand to mouth, on promises, postponements, and the goodwill of his staff, relying more and more on Maitland's dogged support, he was almost at the end of his tether.

What a situation, he thought, with a sudden tightening of his nerves—this balance of hope and uncertainty was almost insupportable.

Miss Moffat, his secretary, had not yet appeared. She was still taking off her hat and coat in the next room. Henry collected the mail from her desk, pushed aside the obvious bills, and slit the first solid envelope, which bore a Manchester postmark.

He winced, as though he had been stung. The letter was from the Northern Mills Pulp and Paper Company, which, for the past twenty years, had supplied the *Light's* newsprint. It expressed regret that his order of June 25 could not be executed.

While he sat staring fixedly at the letter, Moffat came in. As a matter of routine it was she who saw to this business of supplies, every month, sending an order which was delivered the following week. Not looking up, Henry said: "Get on to Mr. Spencer at the Northern Mills."

"I tried him late yesterday when our order didn't come through . . . they say he's not available."

"Not available? Is he on holiday?"

"I doubt it."

Her tone made Henry raise his head sharply. "Get me the number."

In a few minutes he was through to Manchester. Spencer could not, apparently, be found, and he was obliged to speak with the head clerk, who, while disclaiming all responsibility, insisted in the face of every argument that the delivery could not be made.

Henry put down the receiver, thoroughly alarmed. Paper . . . he must have paper . . . without it he could not print a word. Moffat was still there, tapping a pencil on her shorthand pad, her gaze consciously averted, awaiting his next move with pained resignation. The strain had told on her; she looked thinner, dried up, more forbidding than ever. While she drove herself on with unflagging energy and heroic devotion, her temper had worn threadbare and her attitude towards Page had become so critical as to verge at times on open hostility.

"You realize it's their money they want," she said.

"When did we pay them?"

"Not since the end of April. They've written several times. It's a large amount."

"How much?"

"I gave you the figure last week."

"I know you did. But I can't carry everything in my head."

SHE said: "It's nineteen hundred and sixty-five pounds, ten shillings. Shall I get the invoice from the file?"

"Never mind."

He didn't have to look at his passbook to learn that the *Light's* balance at the bank was precisely seven hundred and nine pounds and fivepence. On top of this the printers' wages were a week overdue, and some of the delivery staff hadn't been paid for a fortnight. Both Poole and Lewis had volunteered to go without salary until further notice and Maitland, besides advancing two hundred pounds, had not drawn his cheque for the past four months.

"Find out from Fenwick how much paper we have on hand."

She came back almost at once. "Just enough for eight days. Not more. We're practically out."

"Impossible. Why wasn't I told?"

"You said to cut costs to the bone . . . to run on a three weeks' margin. That's why we've so little left."

It was true; he had been forced into this situation through sheer lack of ready money. Henry bit his lip hard to suppress a groan, then sat racking his brain for the best thing to do.

He must go to Spencer himself. He said, "Look up the next train for Manchester."

"You can't go. The chapel leader's coming this morning to see you about the men's back wages."

"Put him off somehow."

"He may bring out the men."

"Not if you tell him I'll see him on Monday."

"And what's going to happen on Monday?" She threw the question at him.

With a great effort Henry saved himself from shouting at her. "Please hand me the timetable."

The morning express had gone and, since there was nothing fast until the evening, he was obliged to take a local. At half past one, after a journey of exasperating slowness, he got into Manchester and went direct to the mills in Rose Street.

Here he was known to most of the staff and usually passed directly into the manager's office. Today he was asked to wait in the samples room. For fifteen minutes he sat there before the door opened and Spencer came in.

"I hoped you'd not come, Henry."

"What's all this about . . . ?"

"Let's try and keep calm. Sit down."

He took a chair at the table beside Page. A heavily built man, plain and slow-spoken, he seemed at an unusual loss for words. His expression lay between concern and embarrassment.

"I shirked seeing you. That's why I told them not to let you up."

"Why not?"

Spencer brushed non-existent dust from the table.

"It's a hard thing for a man like me to tell a man like you, Henry. Must I say it?"

"I know I'm a bit behind." Page coloured. "But surely my name is good. Many a time you've let me have six months' credit."

"Things are different now."

"I don't see why. You know you'll get your money."

"Do we?"

Henry felt the hot blood of humiliation mounting higher on his forehead. "I admit we've had some temporary difficulties, but we're on the upgrade again. You must give us a little latitude. We're one of your oldest customers."

"We're aware of that. We don't like the situation any more than you. But in these hard times business is business. We can't continue to supply over a bad debt. These are my orders from the board, and I can't overrule them. There's no use arguing, Henry, it's absolutely final."

HENRY stared at him in silence. At last he said: "I must have paper. Enough to tide me over till I can settle your account. Where am I to get it?"

Spencer shrugged. "Where, indeed? Though you know I'd like to help you." He reflected for a moment, then said, without conviction, "There's a couple of places in the city you might try. Jobbers they are, actually. I'll give you a note of them."

Taking a stub of pencil from his waistcoat pocket, he wrote out two names and addresses. "Sorry the way things have turned out," he said. "I hope there's no hard feelings between us."

He stood up, offered his hand, and, after a brief goodbye, Page left.

And now there began for Henry an afternoon such as, in his wildest imaginings, he could never have foreseen. The interview with Spencer had brought him to a state of nervous excitement which increased as the day went on. All his other worries became insignificant in the face of the hard fact that unless something were done, the *Light* would be out of circulation within ten days.

He went to the first address Spencer had given him—it was a long way off at the east end of the city. Unfortunately they had cleared their

NOVEL OF THE YEAR

She was a looker all right, this girl with Page. Nye turned his back. He didn't want to be seen

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Nye's last cunning trick had boomeranged. Then along came Cora—and he knew he had seen her face before

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The Northern Light

continued from previous page

stock at the beginning of the previous week and could give no promise of delivery. He therefore set out for the second address. There, after interminable haggling, he procured twelve tons of newsprint with delivery guaranteed in two days' time.

It was almost three o'clock when the affair was completed, and as he could not find a taxi he had to hurry to the station to catch the three-ten express. He boarded the train just as it had begun to move and, completely out of breath, found a corner seat.

He felt exhausted and degraded, but at least he had accomplished his objective. He took off his hat, wiped his brow, and tried to relax. For some minutes all went well, then he began to feel most unlike himself.

At first he fancied he had wrenched his shoulder, but as his giddiness increased, accompanied by an attack of palpitation, he realized that he had overtaxed his heart. Instinctively he felt for his nitroglycerine pills, only to discover that in his haste that morning he had come away without them. There was nothing for it but to lie back, close his eyes, and, since he was conscious of the curious glances of his fellow passengers, try not to make a fool of himself.

SOMEHOW he completed the journey. At Hedleston Station, once he was out of the train, the fresh air revived him. He took a taxi to the office. He must reassure them about the paper and he felt that when he had swallowed a couple of pills he would be all right.

At the *Light* building he climbed the stairs cautiously and opened the door of his room. Moffat was there, filing some papers in a desultory manner.

"Ask Mr. Maitland to come and see me." As she did not move, he added, "I've eased the paper shortage."

She turned slowly, her expression so extraordinary it drew him up short.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"If you'd gone through all your mail this morning you'd have seen this." She came to the desk and pushed across a letter. "They've bought the printing hall and had it condemned. We can't use it for at least three months; light, water, and power are all cut off. We're done for."

It took a long time for this to penetrate the mist of Henry's fatigue. When it did, all at once, his giddiness returned. Nothing in the room moved, but he, in some strange manner, seemed to spin and collapse, like a top that has finally run down. . . .

WHEN Page came to, he found himself on the floor with his collar undone. Both windows were open and Maitland was there, beside him, on one knee, fanning him with a copy of the *Light*.

"Oh, Lord," Henry muttered. "How did I make such an ass of myself?" An immediate anger at his own weakness was deepened when he discovered that Moffat had telephoned for Dr. Bard. "You shouldn't have done that," he said, sitting up and beginning defensively to straighten his tie and restore some order to his appearance.

Moffat, on the point of replying, closed her lips grimly.

Dr. Bard arrived just as Maitland was helping Henry to a chair. He came in quietly, drew up a chair and put two fingers on Page's wrist.

"It was the heat," Henry said, embarrassed by the doctor's silence.

"Yes, it's been rather warm today."

"I was in Manchester and overtaxed myself a little . . . that's all."

"Just so."

Bard continued to listen, merely glancing up occasionally at Maitland, who stood, with an expression of concern, in the background.

"I'll take you home then," he said finally. "And we'll stop at my place on the way."

In the car Henry made no attempt to talk, for now he was fully occupied by his thoughts. His brief unconsciousness had damped the shock of the sudden and unexpected blow delivered by the *Chronicle*. His brain was working clearly and logically and already he had decided what he had to do. Under the threat of persecution, his gentle nature had become compact, capable of infinite resistance, inflexible.

When they arrived at the consulting room, Bard made him stretch out on the couch. Page anxiously watched the clock as the doctor examined him. Finally Bard drew off a number of tracings from his electro-cardiograph machine and took a long look at them by the window.

"Henry," he said, "I want you to rest for at least six weeks."

"Ed, I appreciate all you do for me, but I simply can't promise anything just now."

A pause followed, then Bard said seriously:

"Listen to me, Henry. You've got the kind of heart that needs a lot of care. For months now you've been living under the worst kind of tension. It's little short of suicide for you."

He lowered his voice and went on as if appealing for agreement. "A sensible man knows when he's had enough. I'm your doctor and your best friend and I tell you you're not physically capable of carrying on this fight. Under these circumstances it's no defeat to give in."

"No, Ed," Henry said. "I'm afraid I have to go on."

Again there was silence, broken only by the sounds of traffic from the street.

"Very well, if you want to kill yourself, go ahead." Bard moved unemotionally from the coach, broke a glass ampoule and began to fill a small hypodermic syringe. "Meantime, I'm going to give you a mild hypnotic. Then you'll go straight home to bed."

When he had done, Henry got up and began to put on his things. Bard's pessimistic prediction had not greatly disturbed him, there were too many other things on his mind; moreover he had always thought Ed a man who carried caution to extremes. But he could not let him feel that he would ignore his advice completely.

"I will go slow," he said, "in a week or so." Then in an odd tone he added, "Perhaps even sooner."

"You'd better," Bard said. "Come and see me tomorrow." He handed Page a box of capsules. "If you feel queer again crack one of these and inhale it."

He telephoned the cab rank, saw Henry into the taxi, and directed the man to Hanley Drive. Page let the cab start off, but when they reached the traffic lights at the corner of Park Street he told the driver to turn right and go back to the *Light* building.

HE paid off the cab, took the stairs quietly and without difficulty. He found Maitland at his desk, sunk in gloomy meditation. At the sight of Henry he started up.

His eyes expressed his surprise and concern. "What are you back for?"

"To get the paper out."

Maitland's ruddy, homely face turned pale. He thought Page had taken leave of his senses and said, with open alarm: "Look here, man. You know the machines are inoperable. We can't print a line."

"That makes no odds. Good God, don't look at me like that! Don't you realize the *Light's* never missed a single edition, not for a hundred and eighty-eight years? Not even when James Page had to issue holograph bulletins during the Napoleonic Wars? So long as I'm alive and have two brass farthings to rub together I'll get it out somehow."

"Somehow?" Maitland echoed. "I don't follow."

"We'll produce a token edition by duplication. The text can be typed on a stencil and run off on our office duplicating machine."

Maitland's face had lightened perceptibly; apparently he no longer thought Henry mad, but he looked at him doubtfully.

"You'll only get eight hundred copies off your stencil at the very outside, and the last couple of hundred will probably be blurred."

"We'll use more stencils. We'll cut our size to the minimum. With six typists working all night we'll put out a single-sheet edition of five thousand copies. Let's stop talking and make a start. Get Moffat to phone Miss Renshaw's Bureau for all the typists and machines she can give us. We'll pay overtime and a half. Bring me everything from the A.P. machine. And tell Fenwick, Poole and young Lewis I want to see them in my office at once."

FIFTEEN minutes later Page shed his jacket and, filled with a calm intoxication, a sort of lucid frenzy, settled into his chair, with Fenwick, Poole and Bob Lewis grouped about his desk, ready to dictate their concentrated copy. Moffat, dispossessed of her usual chair, had brought in her typing stool. Maitland was seated beside Henry, savagely massaging his lower lip, a gleam of anticipation in his eye.

"We'll let the whole town know what the blighters have done," he said.

"No, not a word, Malcolm. This edition will speak for itself, and the entire country will hear it." A wild, fierce exultation boiled up in Henry—perhaps he was at that moment a trifle mad. "It'll speak so loud it may shut up the *Chronicle* for good." He turned to Moffat, who was looking at him as though she'd seen a ghost. "We'll have a block-letter heading—THE NORTHERN LIGHT—and below: 'All the news that we can print.' "

Next morning, following her usual after-breakfast conference in the kitchen, Mrs. Page set out to walk to the town. She was in low spirits, less from her conviction that she was being brought to destitution, than from the sorrowful suspicion that social ostracism had finally overtaken her. The week

continued on page 39

BELLS

Ring, ring, Bells of the Night,
Ambulance, hospital, doctor, and nurse,
Burglar, and fire, and murder, or worse—
Satan's Black Mass, and monastery curse,
Ring, ring, Bells of the Night.

Ring, ring, Bells of the Day,
Back doors and bicycles, children at play,
Christmas and sleigh bells, and carousals gay,
Churches, and chimings for weddings in May,
Ring, ring, Bells of the Day.

ROSEMARY BAZLEY

It was just another day when I set out for work. . . . Five hours later I was hustled into jail—and nobody would believe that I was innocent

The most frightening night of my life

by LESLIE ARTHUR WHITE

White waves goodbye to his wife and baby. All night she waited for his return. Next day she found that neighbours were talking of his arrest

As I walked along North End, Croydon's busy shopping centre, at 1.15 p.m. on May 27 this year, two things were on my mind. One was that I wanted my lunch; the other was my wife's message as I had left our home in Biggin Hill, Kent, that morning: "Don't forget to buy a pair of socks for Graham"—that's our second son.

Leaving the office of the insurance company where I have been a clerk for almost twenty-four years, I looked into the window of a multiple shop when suddenly I felt a persistent hand on my arm and heard a woman's voice shouting: "You are the man who sold me the shirt. . . ." Mildly annoyed, I turned around and said: "What the dickens are you talking about? Let go of my arm."

"Not on your life," the woman replied and, taking the crowd as witness, she added: "You are the man. Let's go and find a policeman." She half pushed, half pulled me towards a police constable standing a few yards away.

"This man has been obtaining money by false pretences," she told him. "He is wanted by the police. . . ."

The officer looked at her, then at me and at the crowd. With a slow, deliberate gesture he took a small notebook out of his breast pocket, licked the point of a pencil and said: "Now what's all this about?"

"It's a lot of nonsense," I told him. "I have never seen this woman before, and all of a sudden she starts shouting at me." By now the woman was thoroughly excited. She kept saying: "He is the man all right. Don't let him go, Officer." Then she added, accusingly: "Calls himself Bob, too."

That really floored me. My christian name is Leslie, but my wife Audrey and my friends have always called me Bob. The officer looked at me sideways. "What would be your christian name, sir?" he asked. For a second the crowd was silent. I did not know what to say.

"My name is Bob," I said, "but, look, this is ridiculous. . . ."

The crowd sniggered. The policeman took hold of my arm and said: "Let's go over to that police box. You too, madam. I'll phone the station."

So, with the woman still gesticulating and the crowd following, we crossed the street to the police box. Three or four minutes later a police car screeched to a stop in the centre of a large crowd.

A large man, with a round face and beetle brows, spoke to the constable, then to my accuser and finally to me.

"I am Detective Sergeant Tosney," he announced. "You have heard what this lady said. I have a warrant for the arrest of a man answering your description. What have you got to say?"

"It's a lot of nonsense," I replied angrily. "I have never seen this woman before in my life."

The detective drew himself up, pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and said: "I am here and now arresting you. You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so, but whatever you say will be taken down in writing and may be given in evidence.

"The charge is as follows . . ." And in front of the gaping crowd, he read it out. "On a warrant issued at Croydon Magistrates' Court on May 17, 1958, that you did unlawfully by a certain false pretence with intent to defraud, namely by representing that a parcel which you handed her contained a shirt, did obtain of and from Mrs. Jean Margaret Walton, of 3 Kelling Gardens, West Croydon, the sum of 16s. 4d. in money, her monies. . . . Contrary to Section 32, Larceny Act, 1916."

Then the detective said: "Let's go. Get into the car. We are taking you to the police station."

I was completely dazed. I remember thinking: *Half my lunchtime gone and I haven't got those socks for Graham yet.*

Sitting in the front of the car, my accuser kept muttering: "He's the man all right. I'd know him anywhere."

She got me so angry that I shouted at her: "For God's sake, shut up and look at me properly. You've made a mistake."

Then I turned to Detective Sergeant Tosney and told him: "I can't blame you for this. But why don't you go to my office and see my manager? I was an officer in the army and I have worked twenty-four years for the same firm."

I emptied my pockets

The woman said: "He is a smooth one all right."

"Now, now," Tosney said. "Let's cut the talk. We'll sort it all out later."

At the station I was ushered into a large general office where a lot of people worked, detectives I guessed, secretaries and uniformed policemen. Seething with fury I sat down at a table in the centre. Tosney left the room.

When he returned he was carrying a brown paper parcel, about ten inches by eight, with some writing on it. "Let's have a look at those papers you've got on you," he said. I emptied my pockets: a couple of old shopping lists, some letters and a statement from my bank which I had received that morning.

Very slowly, Tosney looked at each paper in turn. When he came to the bank statement he looked at the figures and said: "You're not very well off right now, are you?" I replied: "I am an insurance clerk. We are not millionaires." He kept looking at my handwriting and at the writing on the brown paper parcel. Glancing at me sideways, he said: "That's one of the parcels."

"What parcel?" I asked.

"The parcel containing the shirt."

"I don't know what you are talking about. I don't care and I am getting tired of this rigmarole. What am I accused of?"

The detective smiled knowingly. "Come, come," he said. "We know you are the man. Handing over a parcel like that to a woman and saying there was a shirt in it her neighbour had ordered and asking for the money."

"When was that?" I inquired.

"The eighth of May, and that's not the only one."

"What time of day was it?"

He looked at me and replied: "You could have done it in your lunchtime." Then with a sort of deliberate finality he unscrewed his fountain-pen and began to write: *Leslie Arthur White, aged forty-one, 105 Sutherland Avenue, Biggin Hill, Kent; married, three children. Army service. Father a master at Sevenoaks School.*

Then he went away.

I was led to a large, bare room downstairs where a sergeant read other charges to me. I was accused of stealing the sum of one pound belonging to a Mrs. Jean Atkins and of having worked the same fraud involving shirts on a Mr. Alfred George Floyd.

As I was led back upstairs my entire world began falling to pieces all around me. What had I done? How could I prove that they had made a mistake? What would my wife think? And my friends? The whole thing was impossible.

I sat there with men and women milling about. A police officer was looking at a book of photographs, glancing at me every now and then.

Detective Sergeant Tosney kept giving orders, leaving, returning, then leaving again. Each time he would ask me an odd question. Did I have anything to do with youth clubs? How old was my eldest son? Was my wife a schoolmistress? I had no idea what he was talking about.

Once he said: "What about that job

The most frightening night of my life

continued from previous page

of yours? Surely you'll lose it after this?"

I almost shouted at him that I certainly would not, that I was innocent, that my firm would stand by me and help me. I really tried to convince myself.

But I was completely flabbergasted. I kept thinking of a newspaper article I had read about people getting arrested for things that they had not done, even put in jail, and how there were more cases than ever.

Tosney took me into a small room, gave me a cigarette, and with a paternal air said: "Look, Mr. White, why don't you own up? It was a stupid thing to do and you know it."

My reply was most undiplomatic. He left me to my thoughts. Five minutes later his assistant came in, offered me another cigarette and started the same kind of talk.

Back in the large room they were setting up a fingerprinting outfit on a table right in the centre. I was told to take off my coat and roll up my sleeves.

For a long time—more than twenty minutes—each of my fingers and then the whole of each hand were pressed down on the inked pad.

All the time the chatter of the office went on. Somebody called out: "Say, Mac, when are the Kingston Quarter Sessions?" I felt acutely embarrassed.

They tell my wife

I asked Detective Sergeant Tosney about my wife. He said that officers had called on her at our little bungalow home and that she was due to telephone him later. Then he said: "There is going to be an identification parade. You are entitled to have a friend with you if you so wish."

By that time I was thoroughly uncomfortable, self-conscious and terribly confused. I replied: "I don't think any of my friends would enjoy the experience. I am an innocent man and this will prove it."

With a sigh of annoyance, Tosney said: "Very well. There are a number of men of your age and build assembled in a room at this moment. We will show you in as though you were just another man. You can sit where you like."

My first impression as I entered the room was that these people, picked at random from the street, looked nothing like me.

One was at least ten years my senior. Another was six feet tall; I am a small man. There were eight men, and the only vacant chair was at the end so I had no choice.

I walked in front of them and sat down. My neighbour was a cheerful character. "Hallo, mate," he said. "This can't be much of a do . . . only nine of us here. There's usually twelve of them in one of them murders, ain't there?"

I told him that I did not know.

Detective Sergeant Tosney told us that we could stand up and move about if we wanted to. One man in the centre of the row said: "I am all right where I am." Everyone agreed with him. I said to myself, *White, you are the last man who should get up and say "Come on, boys, let's shuffle about. . . ."* I said nothing.

I felt more comfortable among all those people. I was convinced that this was the end of my trouble. I looked at my watch. It was 5.40. I could still get home almost on time.

The door opened and a woman came in. She walked quickly down the line, hardly looking at anyone. When she faced me, she pointed her finger at me and said: "That's him. That's the man."

Then she walked out.

There was silence in the room now. My neighbour muttered: "Well, I'll be . . . you're the one, are you mate."

An elderly man walked into the room. He went slowly down the line of men, then back again and finally said: "No, I can't be at all sure."

As he made for the door Tosney stopped him and said: "All right, sir, you can't be sure. But if it had been one of these men, which one would be the most likely?"

The old man turned, looked at us again, pointed at me and said: "That one."

I was taken down to the charge room again, my pockets were emptied and I was searched. The desk sergeant listed all my belongings and then gave me back my comb, a handkerchief and a packet of cigarettes. He told me that I would be held for the night and would appear before a magistrate in the morning.

Then he took me down a corridor and showed me into a cell, locking the door behind me.

I felt I was in a dream. This wasn't Leslie Arthur White inside the cell. I was outside, looking in, taking in all the details of this fantastic affair.

I thought to myself, *I'll have to get those socks for Graham tomorrow.* They were on my mind.

I began seriously to worry about my family. What would they do without me? What would the neighbours say? And the people at the office? I began pacing up and down.

The cell was about eight feet by ten, tiled half-way up the walls. There was a toilet in the corner, a single bunk with a leather cushion and three blankets. The heavy door was made of metal, with a spy-hole in the centre. Over the door was a small opening in the wall with a single electric bulb inside.

By putting my ear against the door I could hear what was going on outside. In another cell down the corridor a youngster was crying and calling for his mother. I felt completely lost and frightened.

I heard a clock strike nine and all of a sudden I felt the pangs of my stomach. I had eaten nothing since breakfast. I banged on the door for a few minutes.

Detective Sergeant Tosney opened the cell door and I told him I was starving. "I'll get you something," he said. Five minutes later he was back with two meat sandwiches, a rock cake and a mug of tea. As I wolfed these down he told me that he had spoken to my wife.

"In fairness to you," he added, "I must say that she laughed at the charges. Just did not believe me. She says not to worry and that the children are all right." Then he told me that my manager was also appalled, that he would be in court in the morning and had offered to stand bail for me.

For a while I felt better.

But as the door closed again I felt terribly lonely. Carefully I went back over all the details of the case, what I had said, what little I knew. I kept telling myself: *This is England. You are in Croydon. Things like that don't happen in Croydon. People who respect the law don't get arrested. It's all a mistake. A shocking mistake.*

I paced up and down the cell, chain-smoking. Then, very late in the night, I folded a blanket on the bunk, lay down and stared at the walls of the cell.

Scratched on the cell door was the name Bentley. With a shudder I recalled the Bentley and Craig murder in Croydon. Perhaps the boy had been in this very cell.

High up on the wall, so high that I could not imagine anyone getting up there to do it, somebody had written in large letters: "Big Brother is watching you."

I had an odd feeling that somebody was looking at me through the spy-hole. I went to sleep.

I was awakened, bleary and heavy-headed, at 8 a.m. by a policeman who took me to a washroom. I asked him for a razor so that I could shave. He laughed and replied: "You can't have that, mate, and you know it." I did not know it. The thought had not occurred to me.

I was given sausages and fried potatoes and a large mug of tea for breakfast and at 9.15 a policeman led me up a small staircase. A door opened at the top and I found myself standing, with my eyes blinking and my legs like jelly, in the dock facing the magistrates. My manager was standing nearby, looking pale and upset.

Detective Sergeant Tosney was reading out charges at top speed and I could just catch a few words: ". . . that he did on the eighth of May . . . further inquiries to be made . . . asking for a remand."

The magistrate looked at me and said: "Do you want legal aid?" I said: "Yes, please." The magistrate then read out something and said: "Remanded till ninth June and you are released on your own surety of twenty pounds."

Outside, on the court steps, my boss was asking Sergeant Tosney for the times at which the offences had been committed.

When Tosney told him, he replied: "Preposterous. I was in the office then and Mr. White, our chief clerk, never leaves without my permission."

When I reached home that afternoon my wife ran down the steps of our little porch and threw her arms around me, half-laughing, half in tears. My son Robert, aged nine, was still in school. Graham, three and a half, was noisily eating sweets out of a paper bag. Adrian, nine months old, slept in his pram in the garden.

"I met Mrs. So-and-So this morning," my wife said, naming one of our neighbours. "She was all compassion, saying how sorry she was to hear about my husband. Look, it's in the papers." Wearily, I read the small item, then looked out of the window, half expecting people to be staring at me. In cold print, it seemed that I was branded as a petty thief and a rogue.

The next few days were hectic. Acquaintances whom I met by chance turned away from me, but in my office the entire staff became detectives and very soon we had unearthed facts which proved conclusively that I could not have committed the offences.

I get an apology

As I reached my desk one morning there was a message for me: Detective Sergeant Tosney wanted to see me at the court; the police had the culprit in custody and he would be charged that morning.

As I reached the court Tosney came towards me, apologized briefly and said: "Mr. White, you will see that this man is very much like you."

Later, as I watched the man standing in the dock where I had tremblingly faced justice a few days before, I could see no more than a passing resemblance in our features.

On June 9, thirteen days after the hand of an unknown woman had first pushed me into a dark world of criminals, police and interrogations, I stood again in the same Croydon court hearing the same magistrate saying: "We are agreed that the police acted quite properly in this matter. You leave this court without a stain on your character.

"It has been purely a case of mistaken identity. But at the same time you have been put to considerable inconvenience and publicity and we award you five guineas costs."

As I stood on the court steps later, receiving the apologies of my accusers—one of whom was, even then, half-hearted—two thoughts were uppermost in my mind.

The first was that there is something seriously wrong with an identification procedure which can send an innocent man to spend a night in a murderer's cell.

The second was that no paltry sum of money could ever make up for the mental suffering my wife and I endured in that sad fortnight. THE END

NEXT WEEK

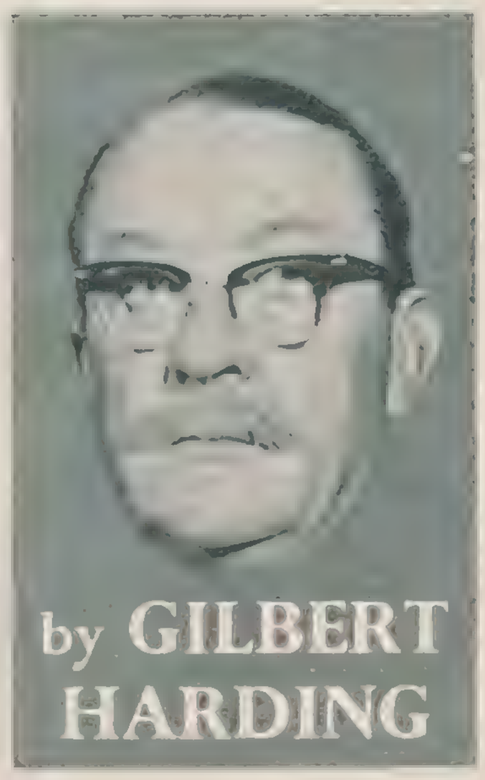
Today it's Quemoy and Formosa . . . tomorrow it may be Hongkong. Harry Hopkins, author of the brilliant JOHN BULL series "Report from the Far East," writes a vivid background article on the vital British island on Red China's doorstep

WILL HONGKONG BE NEXT ON MAO'S LIST?

Can't they leave the Duke of Kent alone?

The Duke with a friend, Janet Bryce

Sneers, scandal, gossip . . . he's a scapegoat for them all. But he only acts his age. At twenty-three I was a chump, too



by GILBERT HARDING

WHEN I was young enough to be stung into fury and shocked at the silliness of small, malicious minds (and that, let me hasten to assure you, was a very long time ago), I used to take it upon myself, when I was certain of my facts, to correct any malicious claptrap I happened to hear with all the vigour I could command.

I remember one instance which to me is typical of all the false rumours and nasty gossip that is talked by silly women, and by men who ought to know better, about any celebrated or notorious person, from the sting of which even royalty is not immune.

King George V and Queen Mary were to attend a performance in Edinburgh of *The Admirable Crichton*. I happened to know the people who ran the theatre and was happy enough to vacate my seat in the dress circle when the management learned that the Palace party was bigger than expected.

I was, therefore, standing at the back of the circle when the King and Queen approached—and when the orchestra, mistaking some signal, struck up the National Anthem embarrassingly soon.

I could stand no more

I heard Queen Mary exclaim, "Oh, dear! I *am* sorry. Are we too late or are we too soon?"

Their Majesties thereupon retreated for a few minutes and put the flustered theatre manager at his ease while the orchestra leader was instructed not to start the anthem until the King and Queen had reached their seats.

A day or two later I was in an Edinburgh teashop and heard some silly woman at the next table discussing the incident with considerable embroidery.

The Queen? She had been *furious* and everybody knew, didn't they, just how furious she could be. She had, there and then, commanded that the orchestra leader should be dismissed for his stupidity.

Soon I could stand no more. I told the foolish old gossip that Her Majesty had said nothing of the kind.

"How could you possibly know?" she snorted.

"Because I was there when it happened."

"I don't believe you," the virago replied haughtily.

And yet that woman was prepared to believe anything, particularly if it were malicious, about the Royal Family.

She was by no means unusual; it is a common failing.

Look how beastly we are to Edward George Nicholas Paul Patrick, Earl of St. Andrews and Baron Downpatrick, second Duke of Kent, a young man who was twenty-three last week.

I say "we" because that dawn chorus of squawking, carping gossip writers, who make brickbats for the morning newspapers out of the thin straw of this young man's night escapades, would never dare to present him to the public as a slightly comic, accident-prone figure—the royal wild oat—unless enough of us did not secretly delight in such baiting of minor royalty.

The same tea-shop tattle is retailed. If some clot jumps off a Thames steamer when the Duke is present at a river-party, or, even more foolishly, pours champagne down into an ungrateful Curzon Street, it is suggested that the Duke is one of these gilded chumps, typical of the company he keeps.

I was delighted when a statement was issued from Kensington Palace saying that His Royal Highness "although present for about an hour at the first of these parties, and for about two hours at the second . . . was in no way involved in,' nor indeed a witness of, the actions attributed to him."

Even then some newspapers talked about "fuss" being made by Kensington Palace and how ill-advised it was to make official disclaimers.

In heaven's name, why? Are royalty never supposed to hit back when lies and rubbish are retailed about them?

No doubt the young Duke is interested in parties, champagne capers, beautiful young women, night clubs and fast cars, and is about as charming and, probably, occasionally as insufferable, as most young men of twenty-three.

His interests differ only in kind from those of ungilded youths from Bermondsey or Birmingham.

I still find it surprising how incensed and, yes, jealous, people who are old enough to know better become when the rising generation behaves as all rising generations do, with folly, of course, often, but also with gusto.

Why, when I was twenty-one or more, a young sybarite enjoying the fleshpots of prewar Cambridge (not the dubious joys of drafty, dreary, dreadful Catterick), I was a chump, too.

Ragging . . . horseplay

I wore a cloak with a green silk lining and a slouch hat. The cloak was, in fact, a nurse's cloak; I had the red flannel lining removed.

After a few weeks parading up and down the streets of that very tolerant town, looking like an advertisement for somebody's port wine, I felt quite crest-fallen that nobody paid me any attention.

Of course I found it amusing then, though I wonder about it now, to break furniture, put out the street lamps on Guy Fawkes night, and generally make an ass of myself.

The Duke of Kent chooses to wear Glen Urquhart check trousers at a wedding. Sensation!

But there was nothing sensational about it; nobody pointed out that he was merely following a tradition established by his father and, far from being the kind of sartorial popinjay I was, and teddy boys are, the Duke was showing the young officer's dread of deviation from tradition in matter of dress.

With fellow officers the Duke of Kent indulged in some ragging and horseplay. Who hasn't? It may, or may not, be fun, but I doubt whether the incident warranted half-inch headlines in the papers next morning: DUKE IN ROTTEN FRUIT BATTLE.

Anything is good enough, or rotten enough, to throw at the Duke.

Can't we leave the young man alone?

A moment's reflection and you will realize that all the half-truths and silly tales about this youthful member of the Royal Family are inspired by something less healthy than the impatience of the old with the young.

Some journalists seem to take a vicious delight in retailing stories that show him in the worst possible light and are patently unfair.

He takes his first parade: we are told how hoarse he became. He goes hunting: we are led to believe that a fox was let out of a bag to make sure of a good day's sport. As though there were no "stage management" of any occasion attended by a member of the Royal Family.

Kent has few of the defences of royalty. He has no secretary, no personal staff.

He is a young man interested in the army, mechanical things, social life and photography, who has chosen to take his chance on what merits he has. He was the first member of the Royal Family ever to be a private soldier.

But do we say, warmly, "Go to it, lad"? Not on your nelly.

We niggle and sneer and apparently rejoice when a ticket collector checks him at the barrier for having no ticket for his dog and, without fuss, he goes back to buy one and British Railways are so inefficient that they can only let him have a pram ticket.

Shadow of our love

Too many of us seem to take a vicious delight in seeing, or hearing about, this young man encountering vexations to which royalty are rarely exposed.

Where, I should like to know, between the Throne and the youth who is seventh in succession, does loyalty and affection dry up?

Let's face it. The public baiting of this young man is an ugly thing, the shadow of our bright love and loyalty towards the rest of the Royal Family.

Of course, deep down, the most loyal are wildly jealous of royal personages; we all both love and hate.

We don't want to be too psychological, but even to the most ardent flag-wagger, follower of the doings and the sayings of the royal children, adorer of the Queen and her fine husband and worrier about Princess Margaret, there comes a time when sugar cloys, jealousy breaks out and a scapegoat is needed.

Who more convenient than the poor Duke of Kent!

Can't we give him a well-earned rest?

I believe that, if the War Office remains firm in its inscrutable and mysterious purposes, some time this month the Duke of Kent will be posted with his unit to Germany.

For him, no doubt, that will be a blessed relief. THE END

The glacier shuddered under me, and suddenly the whole weight of Helga's body was dragging the arms out of my shoulders—pulling me over the cliff

CREVASSE

by **BRIAN CLEEVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

Helga had raced into deadly danger . . . and dare not move to save herself. Only a fool, or a man mad with love, would attempt to rescue her now

BIG HANS stretched and yawned as he stood up, his shadow enormous on the timber walls of the room, reaching up to the great antlers that my grandfather had nailed above the door. The horns seemed to crown the shadow, as if Hans were one of those monsters from a fairy tale, half man and half beast.

Beside him, Helga was a toy, a child, her feet curled under her on the oak settle, her small chin on her hands, her eyes attempting to look grave and serious and worthy of the attention of two such men as Hans and Gunnar—Hans with his lint-pale hair and Gunnar dark and heavy as a tree seen by lightning.

Gunnar sat opposite to the pair of them, his elbows on the table, his eyes never leaving Helga's face. They hadn't left it all supper time. He had hardly spoken, hardly even looked at me when I filled his plate. He had looked only at Helga, while she purred and preened herself like a kitten being stroked, and then glanced sideways at Hans, smiling at him as if they shared some secret joke. When she did that, I could see Gunnar's face go dark as blood.

If she does choose him in the end, I thought, *I've an idea he'll make her pay pretty heavily for moments like that.* And I wondered again if it would be any good trying to warn her. But you might as well talk to the wind. For that matter, would Hans be better? Or worse? Or was I wrong about both of them?

"Time for bed," said Hans, and Gunnar dragged his eyes away from Helga and made himself yawn agreement.

"You turn in too, Helga," Hans added, easy authority in his voice.

"Of course, Hans," she answered, lowering her eyes demurely, almost folding her hands in front of her. "Good night. Good night, Gunnar. Sleep well." And she fluttered her eyes upwards at the dark, heavy man glowering at her across the table.

"Good night," Gunnar said through clenched teeth; and then to me, "Good night, Johann."

Hans echoed him lazily, touched his gathered finger tips to his lips and then spread them, throwing a goodnight kiss to Helga. *The way he does it,* I thought, *he looks as if he's taking something instead of giving it.*

GUNNAR didn't care for it either, from the way his face darkened. But he said nothing, and the two of them walked side by side to the far end of the long living-room and into the guest room I'd given them to share, as if Helga had bound the two of them together by threads of witchcraft; had dazed and tamed two wild bulls to submit to double harness.

I opened the door of the blue porcelain stove to build the fire up for the night, and Helga came and spread her narrow hands to the flames. I looked down and saw her eyes glistening with laughter in the firelight, the red tip of her tongue caught between white teeth.

"Oh, Little Bear," she said to me, "aren't they wonderful?"

"Are they?" I said, trying not to sound quite as disagreeable as I felt.

She tilted her head sideways and smiled into the fire. "Of course," she murmured, "one of them is more wonderful than the other. The trouble is, I don't know which it is." And she laughed. "Which of them do *you* think, Little Bear?"

"Don't call me Little Bear," I said, "or I'll turn you out in the snow. Am I the only man you know who has no name?"

"But Johann sounds so dull," she said. "If you were Siegfried, now, or Gunther. But Johann sounds like a peasant."

I let it go. After all, wasn't I a peasant? I had twenty acres of mountain valley, and summer and winter grazing rights. What was I but a peasant? And I was eight years older than Helga and thin, and small, and swarthy like a pine root, which was why Helga called me "Little Bear."

She had given me the name when she could barely walk, and I used to pull her to school in the winter on my sledge. But that was a long time ago. Gunnar and Hans had grown up since then, both of them two years older than Helga, and bigger than me before they were fourteen.

Two boys like kings, they were. And if they ever noticed Helga Bauer they never showed it. As for me, I'd long ago resigned myself to being "Little Bear," and no more.

Then they left school: Hans Müller, the innkeeper's son, and Gunnar Winterhalder, the son of old Friedrich, the biggest farmer in the valley. And we all noticed that gradually they weren't such friends. They still smiled, and went about together, but you can't fool a village. And I knew that they had realized that the valley was too small for both of them.

We began to wait for the first clash. But before it came, Hans Muller disappeared.

It was a nine days' wonder, and a nine months' source of gossip. Why had he gone? Over a girl? But none of the girls in the village looked more worried than she ought to have been. Over a family quarrel? His father swore there had been none, and his mother took to her bed for a month. A quarrel with Gunnar? Gunnar swore there had been none either, but I noticed that it didn't break his heart that Hans was gone. He seemed to grow even bigger without a rival.

IT had stayed that way for five years, while Helga grew from sixteen to twenty-one, and learned to pretend to be grave and serious and fit to be a matron, and Gunnar spread over the village like a tree. You'd see him walking down the path from his father's farmhouse and he might have been a town mayor on his way to the *Rathaus.* And now and then, as he passed Helga in the village, he'd turn his eyes a fraction to watch her.

The old matrons in the village were already setting the day for the wedding when Hans came back. Nobody saw him come, any more than they'd seen him go. He simply appeared, striding down the village street like a golden giant, his shoulders swaggering, his head crowned with the sunlight. Where had he been? *Oh, away,* he said, white teeth smiling, head thrown back. *Peru. China. The States.* And he'd let his hand fall on the inn table so that the beer mugs danced and rattled.

Helga was like a kitten who has suddenly discovered two bowls of cream on the table and can't decide which one is the bigger. Hans looked at Helga purring round his feet and his blue eyes narrowed like a hunter's. And Gunnar, who had been gravely waiting for Helga to prove herself, suddenly became ardent.

The three of them—Helga, and her two giants—became a trio. Climbing together. Swimming. And, when the snow came, ski-ing. Each of the two men was trying to show her that he was the finer, the stronger, the swifter.

It was ski-ing that had brought them to my farm. I'm at the highest, narrowest point of the valley, and skiers often rent a room from me so that they can start out at dawn without having a long climb first. . . .

I yawned now, and made to get up, but Helga clasped both hands over my knees to keep me sitting and rested her head on them, staring into the fire.

"Which would you choose, Little Bear?" she asked. "Please try and help me." She sighed contentedly.

"You'd better be careful," I said, "or you'll get hurt. They'll pull you in two between them."

"That's why I must choose," she said, leaning her head back and laughing at me. I wanted to touch her throat where the flames danced in crimson shadows and curves of gold, but I kept my hands still. And she said: "Come with us tomorrow, Little Bear, and watch them. Nobody knows a skier like you do. You've often said you can tell what a man is by the way he skis. Tell me what they are. Tell me which I should choose." The devil was in her eyes.

"The cows . . ." I said half-heartedly.

"I'll help you with them before dawn," she said. "Good night, Little Bear." Then she was gone, and I was alone with the firelight. But it was a long time before I went to bed. . . .

Helga kept at least part of her word. I was only settling beside the first cow when she came into the byre behind the living-room, her ski-boots still unlaced, and clacking on the earth floor like sabots. She yawned good morning and stood like a sleepwalker in the middle of the byre, the lamplight wrapping warm gold round her head and her thick red sweater, and the dark blue of her ski-ing trousers. But if she didn't give any practical help, it was good to have her there.

AN hour later we started out. It was still dark, and what wind there was came off the snow like a razor being honed. We were going through the mountains into the next big valley, and back into our own valley across the Ice River, the big glacier that fills the head of the third, narrow valley between the two big ones.

It was weeks since I'd taken a day off. And for a little while I managed to forget Hans and Gunnar climbing side by side behind us, and almost believed that Helga and I were alone in the growing sunlight of the dawn, and the mountains.

It was good ski-ing snow, powdery on top from the night's fall and hard-packed underneath. We made good time. By midday we were over the shoulder of the Alderberg, looking

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Crevasse

continued from previous page

down into the far valley: a great, glistening sheet of snow that from the top seemed to fall in one unbroken slope for more than seven miles.

We stood for a moment looking down, Helga and I picking our routes, because the smoothness of the slope was an illusion. Then Helga was away like a swallow, sticks swung back and out, scarlet jersey and woollen hat leaning so far forward that she seemed to be flying, a word she'd shouted torn on the razor's edge of the wind behind her.

I slid forward to the brink, and then stopped myself. This was why I had come. To watch. And I waited while Hans and Gunnar rammed their sticks in the snow of the crest and peeled away. They had given Helga a thirty-second start, and that's the best part of half a mile on that run. But they had the weight, and where Helga took the slope in long sweeping curves, they slammed straight down like two shells fired from a gun.

Half-way down they'd caught up with her and were past in a white flurry and skid of powder. One of them, I couldn't tell which any more, hit one of the bumps you can't see from the top, and took off, a speck like a tiny black cross on the white dazzle of the snow.

I TILTED forward and let my weight take me, cutting a path half-way between Helga's curving track and their straight ones. I wondered whether one or both of them might not break their necks before they reached the bottom, but there wasn't really much hope of it. There was nothing in the whole seven miles that a good skier couldn't beat with his eyes shut, even if he'd forgotten it was there till he hit it. I wondered if Hans and Gunnar were hoping that Helga didn't know that.

We drank coffee out of our flasks and ate our sandwiches at the bottom, nobody talking much except Helga. I looked at the ridge we had to climb before we reached the glacier, and at the position of the sun. "We should start soon," I said. But Gunnar was already climbing in the opposite direction, towards the old ski jump.

"Plenty of time," he shouted. "Are you coming to jump, Helga?"

"No, I'll watch," she called. And to me she whispered: "Now, watch them both." Then louder again she said: "Are you going to jump as well, Hans?"

And so for an hour I had to watch them: the slow herring-bone climb up to the top of the wooden jump; the pause; the swift rush down the slope and the sudden upcurve at the end, arms wide like the narrow wings of a bird, sticks balancing, skis tilted upwards, body reaching forward almost parallel to the ground thirty, forty feet below; and then the white spume and hiss of the snow as they struck, and side-skidded to a halt.

AGAINST my will I found myself doing what Helga wanted, judging them as skiers, and from that judging them as men, as if I'd never seen them before, knew nothing about them except their ski-ing. I watched as if I were picking men for a team. And slowly, almost to my surprise, I found myself deciding that no team I ever picked would have these men in it.

"Well?" whispered Helga at last. "Which would you say?"

"Neither," I said. They were coming towards us, laughing together almost like old times, as if their joint performance had kindled a fellow feeling in them again.

"Neither?" said Helga. "Don't be a spiteful beast, Little Bear."

"What's he being spiteful about?" Hans said. "Shall I kill him for you?" He laughed, and put one hand on the nape of my neck, tightening his fingers until it began to hurt.

"He's being spiteful about you," said Helga, her eyes dancing—was it fun? Was it malice? "He says that neither of you can ski."

The hard fingers on my neck tightened still farther and then let go, and Hans threw back his head and laughed. Gunnar smiled, but without any humour at all, and I knew that, however it was with Hans, I had an enemy for life in Gunnar Winterhalder.

"Let's go," I said. "We're late already." I went on ahead, leaving Helga to follow with her two heroes. Sometimes, as the wind flurried forward, from them to me, I could hear them shouting to one another, and laughing. But that stopped after an hour's climb, and once or twice I had to halt and wait for them to catch up.

And, as I watched them coming, Helga between, the two men dragging their weight upwards on either side of her, I wondered why I was so sure that neither of them was any good. Jealousy? That's what anybody would say. And yet I could swear that it wasn't that.

What was it, then? The bravado? A good skier doesn't take risks just for show. But they hadn't really been taking risks on that slope. And afterwards, on the ski jump, I'd had the feeling that they were under-jumping.

That was it. That was the heart of it. A hero's swagger on the outside, as if danger were their breath, but all the time something inside them calculating the risks like an adding machine. It wasn't a combination I'd care for in a skier. Or in a husband, if I were a woman.

Then they were up with me, and I had to leave it because, if you're path-finding in virgin snow, it needs all your mind. The sun was within a hand's breadth of the peak of the Feldberg, and that didn't give us much time to cross the glacier by daylight.

We were almost across when we came to a great apron of clear snow spread out on the glacier's huge lap. The sun was half pierced by the knife point of the Feldberg, and the snow was pale rose, curving below us like a long cat's tongue, down into a hollow and up again for a few feet like a giant ski jump. Beyond it lay nothing. It was the last edge of the glacier.

HERE Helga suddenly decided to have fun. "Who'll catch me?" she shouted, and before any of us could so much as see what she was doing, she'd swerved off our path and was flying like a black arrow down the tongue of snow, straight for the bare, cliff-edge of the glacier.

There wasn't anything to do except pray. All the space she had to stop in was a last treacherous upcurve of snow, no more than ten yards long.

She wasn't six feet from the glacier's edge when she stopped. She looked up at us, waving her sticks, shouting something derisive, and I felt my heart turn over with relief—and then turn over again in sick fear as I saw the whole snow bank moving, swaying outwards.

I saw Helga stiffen with terror, like a doll against the crimson sky; saw the black line of a crevasse opening like jagged lightning in the trough of snow at her feet. Then I heard the rifle-shot of the ice cracking, and Helga's thin, childish scream.

She had fallen to her knees as the movement started under her, and she stayed like that, staring down at the crevasse while I held my breath, waiting for the lip of ice and snow that her weight had split from its parent glacier to slide down into destruction. But it didn't fall. Far down out of sight it was still rooted in the glacier.

NOW she crouched on its narrow pinnacle, that seemed to sway against the sky. How long before it swayed still farther out into space, and fell?

"Helga," shouted Gunnar. "Helga."

"Be quiet," I whispered between my teeth. Even a shout might make it fall.

I slalomed down the long, narrow tongue of snow towards the edge of the crevasse, making short, tight curves, going as fast as I dared. Already half the sun was hidden by the peak of the Feldberg, and in a little while it would be dark. And I knew that when it was dark and she could no longer see us, only feel space around her, she would lose her nerve and fall.

"It'll be all right," I said stupidly. "Don't be afraid." I heard Hans and Gunnar sliding to a careful stop behind me, and I stared down into the crevasse, trying to think what to do. It was six feet across, the edges sheer as if they had been chopped with an axe. A thin, white mist rose slowly out of the depths. And there was no way back except across it.

"Can you jump?" said Gunnar, and I could have struck him for the loudness of his voice and for the question. How

continued on page 45

October Evening

The slanting pencils of the rain
Are scribbling on the window-pane . . .
The firelight warms the gloom
where shadows leap and hide.
Street lamps banish day's pale ghost
And there is tea and buttered toast—
Drawn curtains close the comfort in and shut the chill outside.

The dark comes hushed and shivering down
Upon the little emptying town,
Where seven clocks, one after one,
dispute the time of day.
A dead leaf flutters down the street
Between the homeward hurrying feet . . .
Unheeded, half-forgotten now,
the summer blows away.

ELIZABETH ANNE KNIGHT

Lyttelton, king of British jazz, says the teenagers are in revolt—against glamour

What's the next dance craze?

by HUMPHREY LYTTELTON

Meet the kwela. Tin Pan Alley tried to plug it but the jivers said no

Jive, rock, bop, skiffle . . . where do we go from here? Tin Pan Alley daren't make a step until youth calls the tune

THE dancing world is in a state of suspense. Bandleaders, song publishers, impresarios and all those with a financial stake in the matter are waiting on tenterhooks to see which way the cat will jump.

And the only safe prediction is that the cats will go on jumping regardless.

For the distinguishing fact about this postwar dancing era is that, for once, the music industry has lost the initiative.

In what Tin Pan Alley veterans refer to as the good old days, Denmark Street exercised a dictatorship over popular music as tight as the hold of Paris over fashion.

Popular ballroom crazes were hatched with cool deliberation in the inner recesses of the London publishing houses. And at zero hour, the imperious swish of conductors' batons up and down the country launched a million dancers obediently into the "Palais Glide" or the "Hokey Cokey."

Things are different now. It is hard to think of one new dance which has been popularized in the past ten years. Rock 'n' roll? Ask anyone of standing in the music industry what they think of rock 'n' roll and you will appreciate that Tin Pan Alley's liaison with the rock was really a shot-gun wedding.

It all looks alike

By the time the official dancing world lowered its gaze to take in the new arrival, rock was well and truly established. And we were offered the extraordinary spectacle of Victor Silvester, danceland's Dior, chasséing desperately to keep apace of the times, and demonstrating a few hurriedly patched-up rock 'n' roll steps on television.

If today's dancing teenagers are not dancing the steps prescribed by Tin Pan Alley, what are they dancing?

If you wander at random through a jazz club, a skiffle cellar, a rock 'n' roll session—anywhere, in fact, where today's youngsters congregate to dance—your first impression will be that everyone is dancing the same way, irrespective of the style of music. But if you study more closely the gyrations, the twists and turns and spins, you may be surprised to find that, in fact, no two couples are dancing identically.

The answer is that, underlying all postwar rhythmic dance, there is a basic style known as jiving.

The origins of jiving are diverse. They go back to prewar Harlem and the American jitterbug craze.

Jiving, brought to Britain by American troops but discouraged in many ballrooms because its athleticism

Teenagers on the set of TV's *Six-Five Special*. Says Lyttelton: "They scared the B.B.C. out of its wits"

What's the next dance craze?

continued from previous page

disturbed the regular fox-trotters, found its freest outlet in the jazz clubs which mushroomed in the years immediately after the war.

Despite belated attempts by the ballrooms to formalize it and make an honest woman of jiving, it remains essentially a free-style dance.

Like the jazz musicians on the rostrum, the dancers improvise their embellishments around the basic pattern.

From the bandstand I have watched the advent of many influences—pirouettes imported from the ballet, Existentialist capers from the Left Bank cellars in Paris, muscular contortions of shoulders and abdomen inspired by the visits of West Indian and African dance troupes—not to mention one or two tactics which seem to have been borrowed from the rugger field.

Call it what you will—jiving, bopping, skiffling, rock 'n' rolling—it is all basically the same.

Its most significant characteristic, which it shares in varying degrees with all the different musical styles which accompany it, is improvisation. And it is this which, to borrow Freddy Mills's expressive term, has got Tin Pan Alley right mogadored.

What lies behind this teenage revolt against Tin Pan Alley? Is there any precedent for it? Certainly the history of the past forty years shows a very definite pattern in the relationship between popular music and events.

It seems to be that in times of stress or excitement the demand is for soothing sentiment; when the general mood is one of reaction, relief and comparative peace, then the pop music temperature rises.

After the first World War came the first jazz age, the era of the Charleston and Dixieland. This was quelled at the source by the American depression. The panic was on.

And with insecurity, ruin and suicide bringing drama into everyday life, popular music was called on to provide not a stimulant but a sedative.

Jazzmen were either driven out of business altogether or compelled to take their places in the dreamy, schmaltzy orchestras of the day.

When times looked up once again it was the cue for Benny Goodman to emerge with a big powerhouse orchestra laden with jazz stars whose music, a blend of the voicings of a dance band with the driving rhythm of jazz, launched the swing era.

People who look upon rock 'n' roll riots as an entirely new and alarming symptom might be relieved by studying the case history of the jitterbug craze.

When Benny Goodman's band made its début at the Paramount Theatre in New York at ten o'clock one morning, the youngsters who packed the auditorium ran riot, dancing in the aisles and tearing up the seats.

Gin, drugs . . . and coffee

The second World War brought a lull. And now, in keeping with the pattern, we are enjoying another jazz age.

In many ways its symptoms are similar to those of its predecessors. The throwing off of convention, the eccentricities of dress, the frenzied athleticism of the dancing—we have seen them all before.

But there are differences, some of them quite surprising.

Previously these bouts of frenzy have usually been associated closely with some sort of stimulant. In the twenties bath-tub gin was the villain of the piece. In the thirties it was marijuana.

Sociologists are offered food for study in the fact that our current jazz age in Britain thrives on nothing stronger than coffee.

A stumbling block for those who try to equate current restlessness with the Roaring Twenties is the odd truth that most of our jazz clubs, rock 'n' roll sessions and skiffle cellars are dry.

Nor is this purely from necessity. There are many examples of licensed premises challenging dry establishments and sinking in the attempt.

But more relevant to our theme is the element of teenage revolt which distinguishes this current jazz age from its predecessors.

There is nothing new about teenage revolt. What is new is the unprecedented extent to which youth has captured the initiative.

An analysis of the record fans' Top Ten, of B.B.C. listening and viewing figures and of popularity polls, shows that, for the past five years at least, it is the middle-teenagers—between fifteen and nineteen—who have called the tune.

They have forced staid recording executives to record and publicize artists whom they would once have dismissed without an audition. They turned *Six-Five Special*—initially a jolly, sporty, blown-up scout show—into a beaty, raucous clambake which scared the B.B.C. out of its wits.

And they have the captains of the music industry flummoxed to know what to come up with next.

How has all this happened?

Basically the cause is economic. As a cynical TV cameraman said to me once, eyeing a skiffle group in full cry: "That's what the kids want—and so long as they have the money, that's what they'll get. If two-year-olds had the money, it would be rattles. . . ."

But it is not quite so simple as that. Changing social conditions and a shift in the pattern of entertainment have played their part.

Before the war the hub of danceland was Mayfair. Among the dance bands, the *élite* were those which held down resident jobs at the big hotels and the swanky clubs.

Ambrose, Jack Jackson, Harry Roy, Sydney Lipton—these were the household names who, by means of regular B.B.C. broadcasts from the Dorchester, Grosvenor House and other hotels, set the pace.

Today I doubt whether the keenest follower of dance music could name the leader at any one of the major hotels.

Enter the mighty disc

To the undoubted disappointment of those bandleaders who have graduated since the war, the plums are no longer to be picked in the plushy seclusion of Mayfair.

It is the one-night stands that count now.

Once upon a time a bandleader like Ted Heath, advancing into middle age and in command of Britain's top big band, might have taken for granted that at the peak of his career he would find himself comfortably ensconsed in a highly paid residency in Park Lane.

Alas, it is so no longer. It is in the Keighley Baths and the Palais, Stockton-on-Tees, that today's arbiters congregate.

The prime mover in this revolution, without a doubt, has been the gramophone record. Formerly just an adjunct to the entertainment scene, the mighty disc has now achieved a dominant rôle.

It is the primary agent in picking the stars, through the medium of the disc-jockey—a current show-business phenomenon whose importance and status is out of all proportion to his simple function of selecting and putting on records.

It is, perhaps, a little ironic to find that three stars of the prewar dance band era, Sam Costa, Jack Jackson and Jack Payne, are today in the limelight once again—as disc jockeys.

That, then, is the unique situation. For the first time in its career, which has weathered two previous jazz ages, Tin Pan Alley is at a loss.

Everybody, from recording chief to palais owner, is asking "What next?"

It has to be folksy

If the big guns of the music industry have so far failed to regain the initiative, it is not for want of trying. Sensing, in the skiffle craze, a trend towards folksy music, they have in turn tried to promote calypso, an African hybrid named kwela, and old-time ballads.

None has made more than the faintest ripple on the surface of mass entertainment.

If I am to look into the future, it is as well to admit that my crystal ball is no clearer than Tin Pan Alley's. There are a few pointers, however. There is no evidence that the jivers are tired of jiving; they remain quite impervious to the attraction of formal "slow . . . slow . . . quick quick slow. . . ."

So whatever succeeds rock and skiffle is likely to be a rhythmic music to which the jive formula can be adapted. Skiffle and rock gave some definite outline to the reflection of teenage revolt in popular music.

After all, what is Elvis Presley but music's James Dean?

The reaction against slick, synthetic glamour is still strong—as expressed in songs about hound dogs, freight trains, hoboes and folk heroes.

So the tycoons of Tin Pan Alley would be wise to keep their sights lowered to the folksy level.

Apart from these vague indications I can offer nothing but a huge question mark. What comes next could be anything, so long as it has a beat which sets the feet jiving and is easy to play, for amateur participation has played an increasing part in postwar popular music.

One other certainty is that the kids will pick their own stars—poor stuff, maybe, but their own. THE END

by Roger Smithells

A CRAFTY CROWD

Winter evenings are more enjoyable if you have a fireside hobby

A KIND friend once lent us her Devonshire cottage for our summer holiday. "If you feel energetic," she said, "introduce yourselves to the Joynsons. Colonel Joynson needs help with his harvest," and she waved a hand to the cornfield across the road.

Visions of jolly harvesting tussled briefly with visions of retired colonels, and lost. I am not good at colonels and this was a holiday. So we did not go harvesting with the Joynsons and thereby missed an interesting, though possibly unnerving experience.

Years later, wandering round the handicrafts exhibition at Olympia, I joined a crowd watching a demonstration of china painting. The demonstrator clearly regarded the whole thing as a great lark; so did her young assistants and the military-looking gentleman with the monocle who seemed to be in charge of the stand. It looked like a family party, and it was. I had run head-on into the Joynsons.

New patterns for china

Everything happens to the Joynsons. The particular happening which brought the family to Olympia that year was reported in the local press as: "Devon housewife, idly mixing paints and other liquids in her kitchen, stumbles across a new medium which changes the pattern of her life. . . ."

Mrs. Joynson had, in fact, been furiously cooking up witches' brews for years. The discovery of a paint which could be applied to ordinary white china and fired in an ordinary domestic oven was no fluke, but the reward of a prolonged, strictly unscientific investigation. Mrs. Joynson tells the story of the discovery of her Chintex paints and of other remarkable family adventures in a book, *In Spite Of Henry*, which is to be published next month. I read it in manuscript and have not laughed so much since I got hiccups looking through a volume of Steinberg drawings.

Chintex china paints were selling briskly that autumn on the Joynson stand. I bought a set and a couple of dozen white china plates from a local shop. That evening at home we sat round the fire painting uninhibited patterns. When the plates had been baked in the gas oven at the correct temperature the patterns were fixed for life. China painting became our family hobby that winter and I can recommend it to any family with a creative urge and time to spare from watching TV. For details, write to Mrs. Joynson at Yatton Court, Beaford, Winkleigh, N. Devon.

The handicrafts exhibition is now called the Do It Yourself Exhibition, and I still go each year for the fun of meeting fellow craft enthusiasts and in search of new ideas for fireside hobbies in particular and home-making in general. This year I met a young couple who, like the Joynsons, are turning their private hobby into a home industry.

Mr. Denyer is a metallurgist and his wife a trained designer. Together they made the lampshades and light fittings for their first home. These were so much admired that they have now produced a range of nine do-it-yourself home lighting kits.

It took the Denyers a year to prepare enough stock to launch their enterprise. They printed their own leaflets on a home press, made their own stand and display cards, and gave up their summer holiday to running the Olympia stand.

There is nothing new about the idea of home-made lampshades, but I share Mrs. Denyer's view that most home-made light fittings *look* home made. Her designs are worked out to give a professional finish with special attention to details like a slip-on plastic beading for the edges and aluminium tube to carry the flex. We have been making some of the Denyer fittings at home—you see them in the picture—and very gay they look with their painted brackets and harlequin spots. For details of the range write to the Denyers at 16 Trinity Crescent, London, S.W.17.

Hands free for papering

Here are other bright home-making and hobby ideas which I noted at the exhibition: You can get full details from the addresses given.

The Ceilingmaster, a wallpaper-holding device which takes most of the agony out of wallpapering a ceiling, leaving both hands free to tackle the job. Ashley United Industries, Ltd., Lees Lane, Gosport, Hants.

The Rite Lamp Converter, an adaptable three-pronged lamp-holder. The flexible wire prongs will fit into a bottle neck to make a table lamp, into a thick bamboo, to make a floor standard, or can bend out to form a tripod for a bedside light or a hook to fit over a bedhead. William James Rite, Ltd., 9 Westmoreland Avenue, Blackpool.

Jiffybind, a coloured paste sold in tubes for sealing the cut edges of carpets. The paste is squeezed along the edge of the carpet and does away with the laborious job of binding with oversewn tape. Jiffybind can also be used to repair faults in linoleum or to make a protective nosing to worn staircarpet. D. C. Loncraine & Co., Ltd., Barrow Works, Pewsey, Wilts.

Roger Smithells and daughter Jancis spend an evening making Gayspot wall lamps from one of the do-it-yourself kits described on this page. These kits, started as a private hobby by an enterprising young couple, have now become a flourishing home industry

Brighter Bedrooms

Fabrics for your scheme

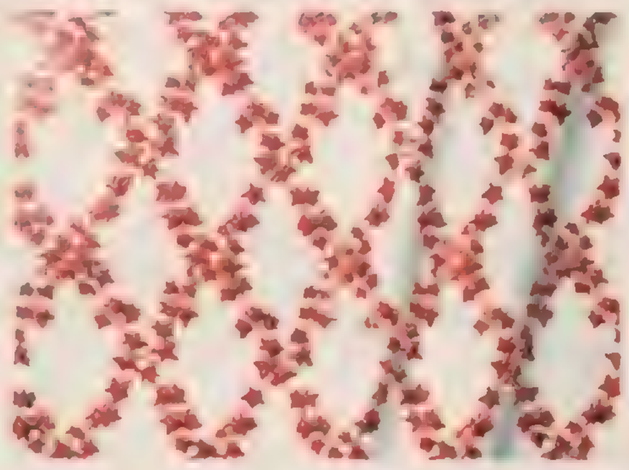
IN A MODERN HOUSE

Many modern houses have small, wide windows, which can be made to look more gracious with generous curtains like these. This charcoal-drawn flower printed cotton in shades of muted green and lilac against a white background is perfect for this purpose. Full length net curtains in snowy white add to the illusion. The rest of the room scheme uses colours picked out from the fabric. Rosebank's printed cotton, retail price about 12s. 9d. a yd.

OLD-FASHIONED ELEGANCE

The window may be old-fashioned but the fabric is right up to date. Acid-drop yellow poppies with gilded stems run riot on a white ground. The long low window seat is a good solution to a sill which is a little too high, and carries the eye downwards without having to curtain the whole recess, which could be an expensive business. David Whitehead's printed cotton, retail price about 12s. 11d. a yd.

IN COUNTRY-STYLE



For this cottagey bedroom with its quaint—but comfortable—brass-knobbed bedstead, crisp, frilly curtains and dressing-table valance give an attractive freshly-laundered look. The scarlet of the ivy leaves in the trellis-work pattern—key to the whole colour scheme—is picked up in the plain scarlet bedspread. Dark blue with splashes of yellow give a necessary contrast. Turnbull & Stockdale glazed cotton, retail price about 14s. 6d. a yd.

Your bedroom should be restful. It is not the place for daring experiments with clashing or contrasting colours. Quiet designs and mellow tones make a better background for peaceful sleep

- Don't choose shades of fiery red or orange. Cool greens, lilacs or pale yellows are more soothing.

- Ceilings are more important in bedrooms, as you look up at them from bed. Make them interesting, but not overpowering. If you are lying in bed with flu you don't want to have to look at a jazzy pattern all day.

- For the same reason, put any highly patterned wallpaper *behind* the bed. This will also make a good decorative feature, if you tie the colour of the bedcover to one of the colours in the wallpaper. If you have a divan with no headboard, you will get fewer marks with a patterned paper behind the bed.

- Avoid close, narrow stripes in bright colours in a bedroom. These play tricks on the eye, and are most unrestful.

- Buy a few extra yards of curtain material to make a pleated valance to hide the legs and lower part of your bed. Make a plain toning bedspread to go on top and show four or five inches of valance below.

- Match up the headboard of your bed to the curtains with the "Matchmaker" headboard, which consists of a frame which you can fill in with any material you like.

- Put bedside lights high rather than low, so that light falls on to your book, not beside it. Each person should have a separate light.

- Install lights inside deep cupboards and wardrobes with automatic door switches.

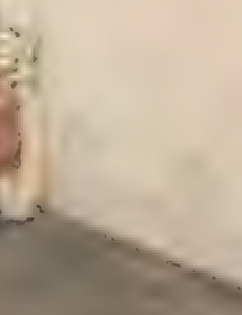
- Don't forget a light over the dressing-table mirror for making-up.

The pretty floral print was the starting point of this charming bedroom in Mrs. Worth's Northwood home. Her celadon green wallpaper and ceiling, and mahogany-coloured Formica dressing-table fitment were chosen to blend with it. The pelmet over the mirror makes the small room seem full of windows, and larger and brighter in consequence. This is an idea you could copy for yourself if you have a large, rather bleak wall area to contend with: How-to-make-it details are shown below:

The elaborate looking pelmets in Mrs. Worth's bedroom are not too difficult to make yourself

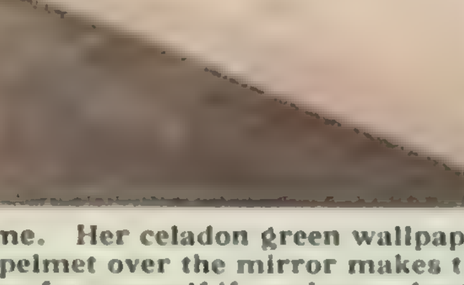
(Fig. 1.) First cut out the swags in this shape, line them with sateen and interline with calico

(Fig. 2.) Screw a 2in. × 1in. batten just above the mirror, and tack the swag to it, pleated as shown



(Fig. 3.) Next cut out shapes for the funnels from this pattern. Pin calico interlining to outside pieces, and shape the funnel before attaching the lining. This will mean that the lining lies smooth inside the funnel without wrinkles

(Fig. 4.) Cut the scalloped pelmet shape to measure out of buckram, and face and line it. Stitch the finished funnels to the pelmet as shown in the diagram. Tack the pelmet to the bottom, over the swags. Lastly attach your fringe, which is stitched along the bottom edge of the swags and pelmet in a continuous line from end to end



FURNISHING FABRICS

How to choose and use them

FABRICS are one of the most important factors in a decorating scheme. Whether you choose them first as the key to the whole scheme or last as the finishing touch, they will add charm to a newly decorated room, or give a face-lift to rooms which have become dull or shabby.

It is important to choose fabrics which suit their purpose, in order to get the best looks and wear from them.

Curtains

Curtain materials should be soft in order to drape well. A heavy material does not necessarily hang better than a light-weight one, but is generally more suitable for long windows. When buying material, ask to see a length draped. Don't choose from tiny patterns.

Remember that curtains are exposed often to the sun, and will be inclined to fade. Some firms sell ranges of guaranteed fadeless fabrics, which they will replace if they prove unsatisfactory. On the whole bright colours fade more easily than subdued ones. In all cases, you should take the precaution of lining them with sateen which matches as nearly as possible. Lined curtains hang better, feel warmer, and are less likely to fade. There is a new aluminium coated lining sateen called Milium which makes curtains act as an insulating barrier against cold in the winter.

If you are making new curtains arrange if possible to take home a clipping of your chosen fabrics to try out with your carpets and walls. Remember that the new material will be inclined to make the existing furnishings look a little shabby, and choose a mellow tone which blends in with them. You also want to see the material in daylight and home artificial lighting. Fluorescent light in shops does peculiar things to colour.

Test your sample piece for washing and colour fastness and shrinkage, which can be disastrous when you have had the material made up. Most cottons and linens will wash. Rayons are inclined to shrink, as will many fabrics with a loose weave. Most of the heavy materials such as damask, brocade, tweed, repp, etc., have to be dry cleaned. Velvet you can often clean yourself with a vacuum cleaner.

Patterned fabrics can be tricky. It is very important to see them as they will be in your room, draped, and approximately the same length. Some patterns lose their effectiveness when draped, and some are too big to be used for anything but full length floor to ceiling curtains.

With fabrics, cost is a fair guide to quality. As with all things, it pays in the end to buy the best. But many of the cheaper synthetic fabrics will look nice and last a few years. Do not be tempted to buy dress materials for furnishings as in many cases the dyes and yarns used are not suitable for long exposure to light. Velvets and brocades of silk or wool are the most expensive, but are just as effective in rayon or cotton. Linen is dear, but linen and cotton or rayon mixtures cost less, look as well, and are in many ways more satisfactory, being less liable to crease. Cotton corduroys and repps are reasonable in price and are now available in very good plain colours. Plain cottons are reasonable in price. Glazed cotton, now quite washable and long-lasting, is a little more expensive.

Fitted Covers

Upholstery fabrics lead a hard life, and must be chosen accordingly for strength and resistance to dirt. Thick tweeds, corduroys, velvets, or very coarse linen are the most suitable ones to choose. Examine the texture of the fabric by holding it up to the light and buy one that is even, with a tight weave which will stand up to the strain of being stretched over the chair frame and sat on. A good test is to draw your thumb-nail across the threads, if they pull together, leaving gaps, reject the fabric, as it will quickly wear out in use. Remember, too, the constant friction of people sitting down and getting up off the chair. A fabric with soft and fluffy threads wears badly.

You must be able to clean an upholstery material on the chair. Pile fabrics can be vacuumed, but a smooth plain colour is almost impossible to keep clean. Try to get a patterned material—not too big, or cutting will be wasteful—or a textured material such as tweed or corduroy.

Loose Covers

You can use almost any material for loose covers. Make them washable, and they are easily kept fresh. The fabric should be crease-resistant, as loose covers are inclined to pull out of shape and crease in the process. Newspaper stuffed down the spaces between arms and seat will help to keep the fabric from working out. A loose cover is subject to the same friction and strain as a fitted cover, and again a fairly substantial fabric should be used, which will not wear out. All the medium-weight curtain materials are suitable for loose covers—repp, linen (preferably a linen mixture, which is less liable to crease), crash, cretonne or heavy cotton, which are all hard-wearing and washable. Rayon fabrics, not so easily washable, are not suitable.

KEEP THIS

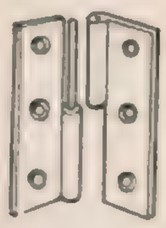
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 5

KNOW YOUR HINGES

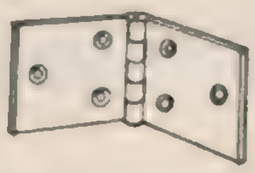
There are many types of hinges, each with a special job to do. To help you to choose the right hinge for the job, here are brief notes on the main types. You can buy them in steel, or brass, PRESSED, which is adequate for most purposes, or CUT from solid metal, which is much stronger and a little dearer.

BUTT HINGE. General purpose door hinge. As it must be recessed into the edge of the door and the upright frame member, the flap must not be wider than the door thickness.

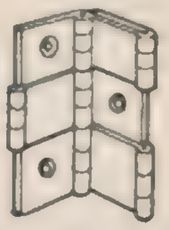


LIFT-OFF HINGE. A shade less robust than the butt hinge, its advantage is that it allows for easy removal of doors without unscrewing. A type is made for surface fixing.

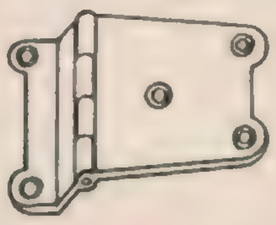
RISING BUTT HINGE. Lifts as it opens enabling room doors to clear carpets, door mats, etc. Also acts as a self-shutting device. When buying, state which way your door opens.



BACK FLAP HINGE. Designed to give extra support to horizontal flaps. (Folding tables, bureau tops, cabinet lids, etc.) It is not advisable to fix this hinge vertically.



SCREEN HINGE. This is a double-action hinge, opening and folding in two directions. It is used between the flaps of a screen, fixed to the edge of the screen frame. The thickness of the frame must not be greater than the width of the hinge flap.



SURFACE HINGE. A hinge designed for use on a door fitted to the surface of a fitment (not flush). The hinge is screwed to the face of the door and the second flap is cranked to fit round the edge of the door, and is screwed to the fitment.

PIANO HINGE. Extending the full height of a cabinet door or the full length of a flap, gives good, evenly distributed support, and correct alignment. Need not be recessed. Can be bought cheaply by the foot to fit the job.

WORTH NOTING

● Two adaptable and trouble-free curtain rods which can be fixed without screws or plugs, have just come on to the market. Both fit inside the window embrasure, and depend on pressure against the sides for their rigidity. The "Quickfit" rod is made of plastic in two interlocking sections with rubber suckers at each end. You hold it in position in the embrasure, lengthen it by a twisting action until it fits exactly, and the suckers hold the rod in position until you want to take it down again. The "Porosan" rod is spring loaded, but otherwise works on the same principle, relying on spring pressure instead of suckers for its hold. Quickfit costs 2s. 6d. a foot from ironmongers; Porosan, in sizes from 1 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft., from 4s. 9d. to 11s.

● Before painting the walls of a room apply a coat of wax polish to the floor surrounds first. If any paint drops on to the floor, you can easily remove it with the wax.

● No matter where you put the plug of your sink or basin, it is always in the way when not in use. A clever solution of the problem is the "Outoway" basin fitment and disappearing plug chain. It sounds like a conjuring trick, and it really is rather like magic. When the plug is in its socket, the chain hangs slack as usual. When you pull it out, a ball attached to the other end of the chain behind the basin pulls the plug up to the back of the basin where it stays until you pull it down again. Any handyman can fit the "Outoway"—you don't even need any tools. 7s. 6d. each plus postage, 6d., from H. H. Bridge, 45 Churchill Crescent, Farnborough, Hants.

● Matchboxes secured under a workshop shelf with glue or drawing pins make handy containers for small screws, nails and other parts.

● When fixing a rimless mirror in the bathroom, first seal the edges with a coat of paint to prevent the silvering being damaged.

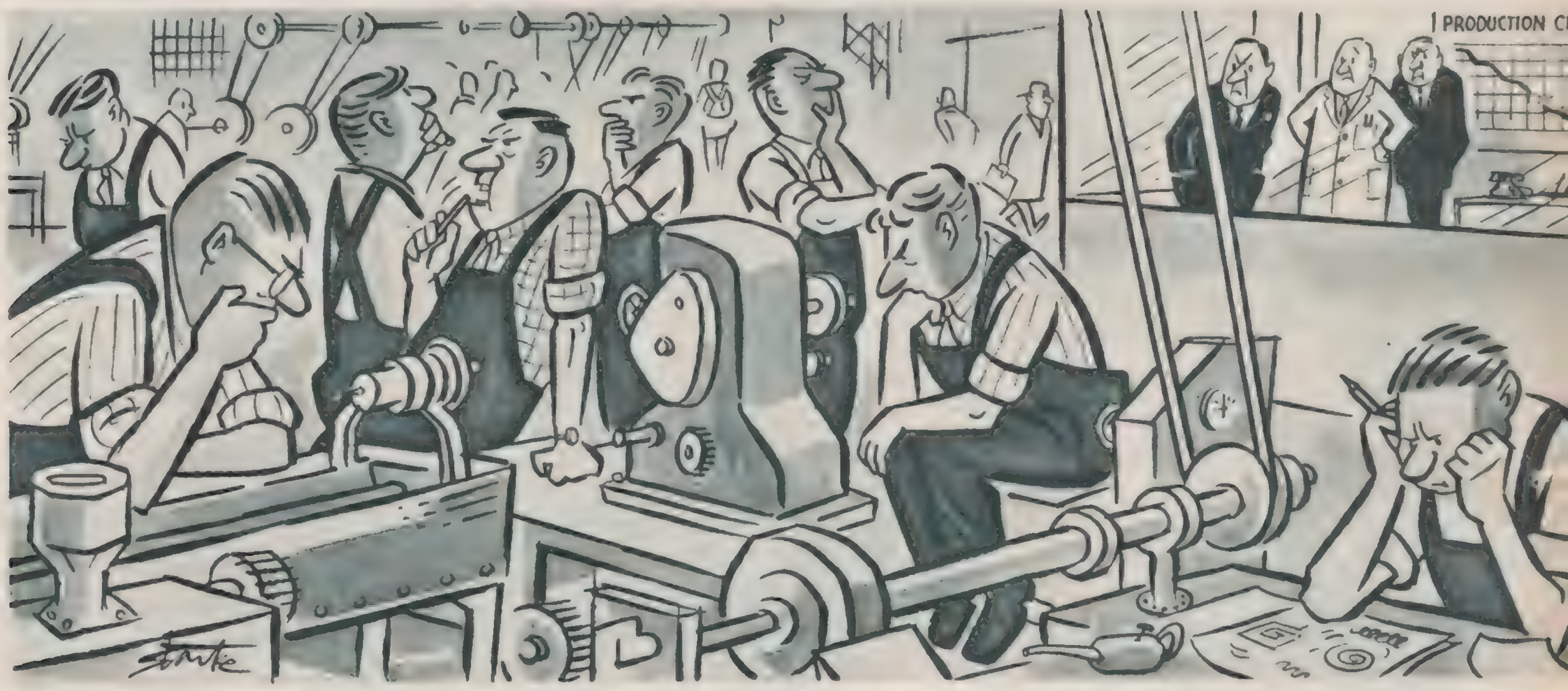
● Polythene bags have become so useful in the home that it would be difficult to do without them now. Not only for keeping things damp, dry or dustproof, they are also invaluable for storing clothes, silver or anything which needs to be protected from moths or the weather. Up to now, there has been no satisfactory way of sealing these bags, but now the Bambo Home Sealing Unit for polythene makes short work of welded joints. The unit consists of two strips of plastic, one fixed to a cardboard base, the other separate and flexible. Place the two pieces of polythene you want to weld together between the two strips and iron with the edge of a hot iron along the line you want the join. Set iron at linen heat. The unit costs 2s. 6d. direct from the Enbee Products, Ltd., Prince Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a home-making problem I shall be glad to help you if you will write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply.

DOES THE BOSS WANT YOUR IDEAS?

BY ROY HILL



It's the booming way to raise profits and morale—pay workers cash for brainwaves

TED TROTMAN, an ex-R.A.F. bomber pilot, has lived for eight years with his wife Helen and daughter Pauline in a prefab at Shepton Mallet, Somerset. Each year he saved a little more towards the cost of the new house which he planned to buy.

Helen noticed that Ted was preoccupied at home and increasingly late from his work with Clarks, the shoe makers. "What are you up to?" she asked.

He explained that girls at the factory assembled the uppers of sandals by a method which seemed to him to be messy and time-wasting. "I'm trying to work out a better way to do the job," he said.

At home he used paper to represent parts of a shoe, which he assembled in various ways. Helen made helpful suggestions.

Four months later he was able to tell the management that he had evolved an assembly jig which reduced a three-stage assembly operation to a single stage.

The firm, like many others in Britain, pays for money-saving ideas from employees. It tried the jig for a year, and in May presented Ted with a cheque. "We had hoped for an award in double figures," he says, "but when I showed the cheque to Helen she nearly dropped. It was for £400."

Today Trotman has a better job with Clarks and his new home is half built at Street, Somerset. "We hope to move in," he says, "in time for Christmas."

Thousands of workers have cashed in on brainwaves since the war helped to stimulate interest in bright ideas.

"Ideas," says a British steel executive, "are vital to the health of an industry, and often it is the inexpert, untrammelled mind that is in the best position to provide them."

A Surrey business man, P. Clavell Blount, has for fifteen years advocated a government "clearing house" for ideas submitted by the public, and a national association to co-ordinate ideas in industry. His agitation led to a debate in the House of Commons in 1956, but it had no practical results.

Enlisting the gimmicks

Industry has only started to enlist the ideas potential of its workers. "Too many firms," says Ronald Shepherd, of Ford Motors, "look upon ideas-promotion as a special gimmick. It should be regarded as a natural management function. To be a success, an ideas scheme must have the full enthusiastic support of top management."

In three years Shepherd has received more than 16,000 ideas from workers at Dagenham.

A man who sent in forty-seven ideas has received £679 in awards. One of his suggestions, to replace the brass on a radiator overflow pipe by rubber tubing, earned him the firm's maximum award—£350—although the idea was modified. It inspired engineers to develop a plastic tube to replace the brass.

Three other workers at Dagenham teamed up to make suggestions. First they found ways to prune the firm's printing bill and were awarded £16. Then Donald Pauffley established himself as the "ideas man" of the syndicate.

The average driver who wishes to adjust his driving position, he argued, releases the seat lock and pushes or pulls with his legs. As he rather enjoys the sensation, the front seat return spring fitted to some cars is an unappreciated luxury and could be abolished.

Fords agreed and paid the syndicate £350.

"To keep in training," says one of the trio, "we suggested that envelopes used for memos within the office did not need transparent fronts. This idea earned £10. Then we hit the jackpot again—£350 last August for suggesting a simplified link between the accelerator lever and the carburettor."

Recently Pauffley left Dagenham to take another job. As a parting shot the syndicate suggested that the spring-loaded cover plate fitted behind the side lights on some vehicles was superfluous. In June came their third cheque for £350.

Methods of assessing awards vary. Fords and Vauxhalls pay a sum equal to the cash an idea saves in two months; Heinz pay ten per cent of the gross or fifteen per cent of the net savings in a year, whichever is the greater; Esso base part of their awards on the savings, but also have additional merit payments of up to £50; British European Airways pay ten per cent (to a maximum of £500) of the first year's net savings.

The biggest award in Britain was paid by Lever Brothers in 1952. Bill Gray, a chargehand at Port Sunlight, Cheshire, banked £1,100 for suggesting a more economical way to make soap. It is still highly secret.

Comparatively few British firms, however, pay three-figure cheques. Some are unashamedly stingy. A spokesman for a Sheffield engineering firm admits: "We want to play down our ideas scheme because the tendency today is to give increasingly big awards. Our maximum is £10."

Last year British Railways paid £1,989—for 741 suggestions. The average payment for ideas accepted in Britain in 1955, when the last full survey was made, was £2 18s. The same year an average of only 5.59 suggestions per hundred employees was received.

Two managed one each

Only two firms, a men's outfitters in Piccadilly and a Scottish manufacturer of mining machinery, have achieved one suggestion per employee.

In contrast, an American steel firm received from a skilled section of employees 1,314.6 ideas for every hundred workers. Every year in America four thousand firms pay about 15 million dollars in awards—for ideas that save them 300 million dollars.

Some ideas put forward in Britain are so brilliant that they demand a generous award. At its plant at Ulverston, Glaxo was losing antibiotics worth £3,000 a year in foam which escaped from fermenters. Denis Ryder, who had worked on radar in the navy, suggested an electronic probe to shut the valves automatically when the foam reached a critical level. He was awarded £350.

I.C.I. experts were faced one day with an idea from a process worker, Griffiths Jones, which he claimed would, without interfering with production, unblock outlets on a machine making

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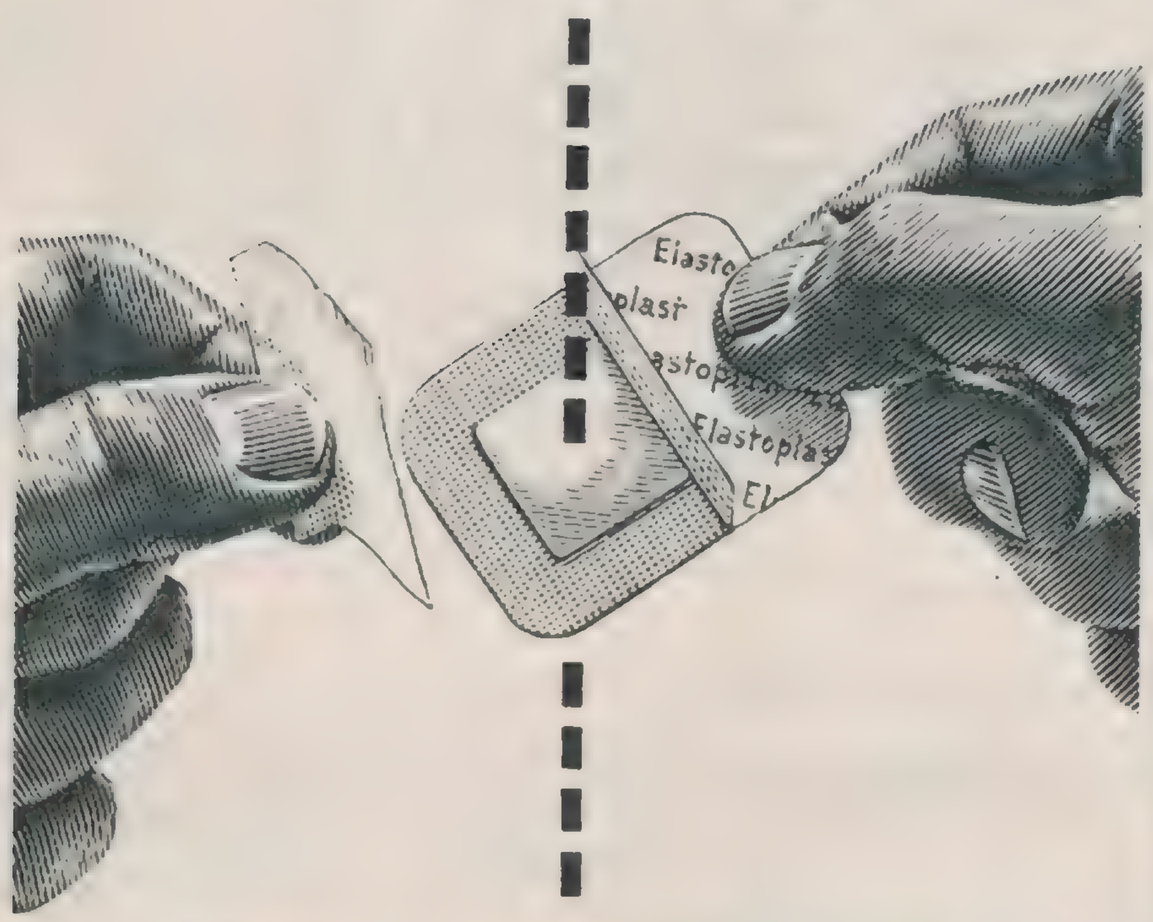

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"Yes dear—no dear—of course, dear . . ."

Does the boss want your ideas?

continued from previous page

nylon filament. They were not enthusiastic, for the idea, though mechanically simple, involved a principle so abstruse that not even physicists fully understand it. Nevertheless, they gave it a trial.

It boosted production by twenty-five per cent and the firm paid Griffiths Jones £500.

Bill Robinson, a supervisor for Heinz at Harlesden, London, received the top award paid by any food firm.

At his factory, nozzles attached to filling machines in theory filled bottles with precisely the weight of salad cream stated on the bottle label. In practice, however, because the nozzles vary slightly in size, the machine had to be adjusted so that the smallest nozzle gave the guaranteed weight. Most of the other nozzles provided slightly too much.

Technicians had failed to find a way to stop the wastage. Robinson suggested piercing each nozzle with a stainless steel screw fitted with a lock-nut. By adjusting the screws, he said, it would be possible to regulate the flow of cream through the nozzles individually.

His idea worked. Housewifes have not missed their bonus, but cream worth £4,000 is no longer given away in the thirty-five million bottles of salad cream and mayonnaise produced each year. On May 21 Robinson, who is forty, presented his wife with a cheque for £599 8s.—"six hundred quid," he says, "in exchange for a screw or two."

In most factories ideas are collected each week from "ideas boxes" sited at strategic points. They are then passed anonymously to experts for their comments.

A committee meets frequently to consider awards. The Vauxhall committee of nine, which includes seven workers elected by secret ballot, can recommend awards of up to £450. The firm has paid more than £33,000 and has never found it necessary to reject a recommendation from the committee.

Reward for clever flops

At least two-thirds of all suggestions are turned down at committee level because they are technically hopeless, would cost too much to put into practice, or because developments already in hand cover that point. Some firms pay "interest" awards for clever ideas that have failed.

Relatively few suggestions are rude or facetious. One firm, however, which introduced its new scheme with the query, "What would you do if YOU had control of this firm?" received the short answer: "Sell it."

One of the first suggestions Fords received was: "Abolish the suggestions scheme."

Progressive firms use ideas not only to save money but to improve relations with their employees.

One problem is to stimulate suggestions from women. Half the six thousand workers with Clarks are women yet they contribute only five per cent of ideas. Nearly half the Heinz workers are women, but they write only one in fourteen suggestions.

But women can provide useful ideas. Mrs. Barbara Autherson, a housewife who works for an engineering firm at Thorne in south Yorkshire, told her boss: "My job is silly."

She worked two machines. On one she drilled oil-feed holes for engine parts; then she took the parts to her other machine for finishing. "While the finishing is going on," she complained, "I do nothing. I might just as well stay at home half the time."

Dovetailing two jobs

She suggested that the hole-punching drill should be mounted on the finishing machine to enable her to dovetail the two jobs. Her output soared and she was awarded £60.

Payments for ideas put through factory schemes are not taxed unless they are submitted as part of a man's or woman's normal work.

At Christchurch, Hampshire, de Havillands make Sea Vixen jet fighters for the navy. Among the refinements are windscreens made of two sheets of toughened glass separated by a narrow space through which, when the plane is flying, warm air circulates.

"It is difficult to set these two sheets of glass perfectly parallel," says Alexander Nicklen, a foreman on the job, "but the slightest deviation may result in double vision affecting the pilot at a vital moment."

An inspector refused to pass a windscreen fitted to the first of the fighters by Nicklen and fitter Ronald Best. "I must have an instrument to measure the parallelism," he insisted. But no such instrument, apart from a clumsy caliper device weighing twenty-six pounds, existed.

Determined to have their careful work passed, Nicklen and Best had a brainstorming session. Finally they collected a thin metal tube, a piece of piano wire and a gramophone spring (total cost 7s. 6d.), fitted them together and attached them to a clock gauge. Two hours after his original refusal the inspector inserted this device between the glass and passed the job.

Through their ideas scheme, de Havillands adopted the instrument for regular use and paid the men £10 each. "But our best reward," says Nicklen, "was to see the surprise on the inspector's face when we handed him our invention and he found that it worked."

THE END

The greatest raid of all

continued from page 8

H.M.S. Campbeltown, formerly the American destroyer Buchanan, one of fifty obsolete four-funnelled ships obtained from the U.S.A. On March 10 she arrived at Devonport dockyard, to be converted into a bogus German destroyer.

Ryder now thankfully finished with London, and presently went to Falmouth, where it had been decided that the combined force should assemble.

Before leaving London to join him, Newman had an interview with Mountbatten. They met on the steps of Richmond Terrace as Newman was about to walk down to his car. Mountbatten called him back.

Lord Louis, always very forthright, was especially so on this occasion. "I want you to be quite clear," he said, "that this is not just an ordinary raid—it is an important operation of war."

Nothing could have enchanted Newman more. He listened, absorbed and intent, as Mountbatten went on: "It is also a very hazardous operation. I am quite confident that you will get in and that you will do the job successfully, but frankly I don't expect any of you to get out again.

"If we lose you all, you will be about equivalent to the loss of one merchant ship; but your success will save many merchant ships. We have got to look at the thing in those terms."

Deeply impressed, Newman listened on.

"For that reason, I don't want you to take anyone on the operation who has any serious home ties or worries. No married men. Tell all your men that quite openly, and give every man the opportunity of standing down if he feels he should. Nobody will think any the worse of him and we must have that quite clear, too."

Newman promised soberly to obey, but he knew without the least scruple of doubt what the answer would be. No doubt Lord Louis did also.

While Newman and Ryder were busy on their plans and preparations, a hundred picked men of No. 2 Commando were in Ayrshire, being trained in street fighting by night. And at Burntisland, on the Firth of Forth, about another ninety, equally hardy and fearless, were being trained in handling the most modern types of high explosive.

Lessons in destruction

Their guide and tutor, Captain Bill Pritchard, was perhaps the most remarkable of them all. A specialist in dockyard demolitions, he was tall, strongly built and dark-haired with brown eyes that glowed with fire for any purpose he had at heart, or glinted with humour when about the pranks or rags that he enjoyed.

He would go to a turbulent party till midnight, then douse his head with cold water and work till morning.

Before long, Pritchard had all his men thinking, talking and dreaming explosives, instinctively assessing the means of destroying anything they saw.

All the time there was no hint that anything was afoot, nor that these mysteries were anything more than normal education for commando soldiers. At the end of February the demolition course split into two parties, one going under Pritchard to his home ground at Cardiff and the other to the shattered docks of Southampton, to study the King George V Dock.

After about a week, the Cardiff and Southampton parties changed round, so that all should be familiar with every task.

The time came when Pritchard was able to report by telephone to Newman that all parties were now thoroughly competent to do their tasks in less than the times allotted, in complete darkness and under the full adversity of casualties. Accordingly, the two parties assembled at Cardiff on March 12 and thence journeyed to Falmouth to meet their comrades of the fighting parties from No. 2 Commando.

The little ships gather

By March 18, the raiding ships assembled were sixteen motor launches, a motor torpedo-boat and a gunboat. It was decided that the latter should be the leading headquarters ship for Ryder and Newman.

On March 23 two escort ships for the cross-Channel trip sailed into Falmouth. These were the Hunt class destroyers Atherstone and Tynedale. The motor launches were now anchored in Cross Roads and had all been repainted a shade of mauve known as "Plymouth Pink," or "Mountbatten Pink," to make them less conspicuous under searchlights.

Throughout the whole force there was a throb and bustle as last-minute preparations for the daring venture were made.

At last, on March 25, Campbeltown arrived with her gallant ship's company. She sailed quietly into the golden bay with the sun behind her, astonishing the older naval hands who saw her in the distance. For from a little way off she looked very like a German destroyer of the Möwe class, with two rakish, cut-back funnels of unequal size, instead of her normal four.

Even stranger changes had taken place on her upper deck. All her guns were gone, their places usurped by a little 12-pounder forward and eight Oerlikons mounted high on "bandstands." Less obvious, riveted to the deck amidships, were long, low armour-plate fences behind which the commandos were to lie down as they faced the hail of close-range fire before they clambered ashore.

Away in London, meanwhile, no little anxiety was being experienced at C.O.H.Q. over the proposals for providing support by bomber aircraft. Up to the last minute these proposals were clouded with doubts. The "really heavy" support that had been asked for early in February dwindled week by week as Bomber Command, hard-pressed for machines for its own campaign and obliged to transfer some to Coastal Command, found itself more and more reluctant to spare any forces for an operation that did not come within its own scheme of things.

Moreover, a new dilemma had arisen about the target that was to be selected

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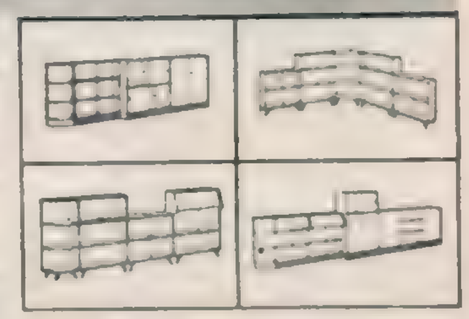
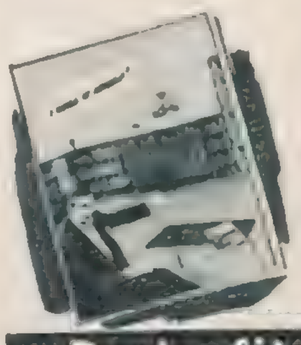


Some Examples of UNIT Planning



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The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

for bombing. Mr. Churchill himself gave a direction that, in order to avoid casualties to Frenchmen, only the dockyard, and not the town, was to be bombed

Thus on March 22—four days before the Charioteers were to set out—Air Vice-Marshal Robert Saundby, senior air staff officer, Bomber Command, forwarded to C.O.H.Q. the suggested new basis of bomber participation. In this the number of aircraft to take part had shrunk to thirty-five and the targets included the Penhouet Basin and the adjoining building slips—more than a mile away to the north of the selected landing places.

This proposition was received at C.O.H.Q. with concern, and on the twenty-fourth Mountbatten went to a meeting of the chiefs of staff. He emphasized: "The success of Chariot depends very largely on the success of the diversion created by air bombing."

Bomber Command responded by raising the number to sixty-two. . . .

When their operation order was issued on March 25, however, very severe restrictions were imposed on pilots. They were to bomb no other targets than those specified, they were not to come below six thousand feet and they were to drop their bombs singly on separate bombing runs. Furthermore, in the subsequent briefing it was impressed upon pilots that they must not attack unless they could clearly identify their targets.

The convoy sets sail

They were told nothing at all about the main operation, or the critical importance of it, beyond the fact that "a night operation by naval and military forces has been planned."

Down at Falmouth everything was now ready, and at 2 p.m. on March 26, under a genial sun, with a light breeze from the east-north-east, and with Spitfires circling a few feet above the water, the Charioteers sailed quietly out into the English Channel, followed by the three destroyers an hour later.

They numbered, apart from the escorts, 611 souls—345 naval officers and ratings, 166 all ranks in the fighting parties, nearly a hundred all ranks in the demolition teams, a medical party, three French-speaking liaison officers to see that civilians kept indoors, and two press representatives.

Ryder shaped course south-westerly at thirteen knots, to follow the long route in his orders and give The Lizard a wide berth, keeping out of sight of land.

As the afternoon wore on the breeze freshened. The motor launches rolled a little and from time to time their bows lifted out of the moving sea.

Ryder presently hoisted a signal to adopt a broad arrowhead formation, simulating a normal anti-submarine sweep. Speed was reduced to ten knots. In order to avert the danger of wireless signals being picked up by the enemy, no ship-to-ship signals were allowed except visual signals—by flag or Aldis lamp by day or a screened and subdued light by night.

As darkness fell Ryder made the signal to change to the night cruising order, and, as all ships took it up, they manoeuvred gradually into three columns, the destroyers in the centre column, and the motor launches out on either hand. A haze persisted, but the wind eased to a mere sigh, and the misty moon palely lit the scene as through a blue-black filter.

All who had no duties to do turned in for the night, the soldiers reluctantly, for the spell of the moment was on them, accentuated by the inevitable wakefulness of the night before a great event.

To Ryder's disappointment the next morning opened to a brilliant dawn with a cloudless sky and clear visibility. This was particularly the day when he would have welcomed heavy clouds or a light fog.

Newman chuckled though, and every soldier in the force chuckled with him, when the three destroyers, but not the motor launches, hoisted the German ensign.

Shortly after 7 a.m. Tynedale's second officer of the watch sighted a mysterious object seven and a half miles away on the port beam.

Ryder ordered Tynedale to close and investigate. As Tynedale, still wearing German colours, did so, her captain, Lieutenant-Commander H. E. F. Tweedie, identified the object as a submarine, surfaced and apparently stationary.

When she had closed to about five miles, the submarine saw her coming bows-on and fired a rocket of five white stars as a recognition signal. Tynedale replied with five long flashes of her signal lamp—a pure guess.

The U-boat seemed to be satisfied and she remained innocently on the surface until 7.45. Tynedale had now closed to about five thousand yards and, hauling down the German colours and breaking the White Ensign, opened fire. Columns of water spouted up around the submarine, which immediately crash-dived.

Tynedale, continuing at speed till she had reached the submarine's estimated position, dropped a pattern of depth charges. The shock forced the U-boat to break surface again and Tynedale opened fire on her a second time at short range and with all the guns that could bear. The U-boat was on the surface for only a few seconds before diving again, apparently hit.

What concerned Ryder was the chance that, before diving, she might have seen the launches and later make a sighting report by wireless. He therefore ordered Tynedale and Atherstone to carry out a "square search," but Tynedale's asdic went out of action and contact was lost.

Bluff by destroyers

After two hours Ryder called off the hunt. Tweedie thought it looked probable that the submarine had been sunk or mortally injured. Ryder, however, was far from convinced and, with a shrewd instinct, he ordered the two destroyers to steam off on a south-westerly course, so as to deceive the U-boat, should she be watching them with her periscope.

This quick-witted decision had a vital effect. Had it not been made, the whole expedition would surely have been imperilled, for the submarine—which post-war research showed to have been U593, homeward bound—had in fact sighted some of the motor launches before she had been attacked but had not reported them, not supposing that they could conceivably be British. Nor had she been sunk. After the attack she remained submerged for five and a half hours and at 1.47 p.m. reported by wireless: *0620* (7.20 a.m. BST) *three destroyers 10 MTBs. 46° 52'N., 5° 48'W. Course West.*

The effect of this report, which was received at German Group Command West, at 2.20 p.m., and the error in judging the course of the Charioteers, was to cause the enemy to suppose that the British force was withdrawing after a minelaying operation, or else that it was on passage to Gibraltar.

This was exactly what Ryder wanted—but it had been a very near thing.

French trawlers sunk

Atherstone and Tynedale rejoined the force by a circuitous route. Then on the port bow shortly before noon, there appeared a fleet of French trawlers.

Ryder had given careful thought to this likelihood, for he was anxious to do no avoidable harm to French interests or to any other innocent parties. It was, however, known or believed that the Germans sometimes put observers equipped with wireless sets on board French fishing boats, and Ryder had decided that any that were met would have to be sunk.

The fleet's appearance so soon after the encounter with the submarine was suspicious; they may have had a rendezvous together.

Two boats were widely separated from the rest and he sent Tynedale to sink one of them. Atherstone sank the other.

The skippers and crews, throwing their hats in the air with delight at this totally unexpected appearance of the White Ensign, which the destroyers hoisted, accepted the decision with perfect goodwill and cheerfulness. They were taken on board the destroyers and made much of, involuntary participants in the great enterprise. At its conclusion, they were taken back to England to their great delight, where most of them joined the Free French Forces.

From one skipper Ryder learned that the fishing fleet carried no wireless or German observers, and he decided to sink no more.

Sailors and soldiers alike were in high spirits. For security reasons, the ship had been provisioned on more or less the normal scale at Devonport and there were large quantities of food on board, of sorts that the commandos, on home rations, had never seen in such abundance.

The Naafi was likewise well-stocked. For some time the ratings and other ranks solemnly went on paying for their wares in the normal way until someone said: "Hey, the ship's going to be blown up tonight—accounts and all. What are we paying for?" Thereafter, everything was "on the house."

At 6.30 p.m., when the sun was very low, one of the launches developed engine trouble and had to turn back for England. Before doing so, her troops were transferred to another launch.

Under a sky which had become cloudy, the Charioteers sailed on at a quiet eight knots. At 8 p.m., just after darkness had fallen, they turned north-eastward, shaping now straight for the open jaws of the Loire.

Only seventy-five miles to go. There was only one more check-point to pass—the spot at which they were to make contact with Lieutenant - Commander Mervyn Wingfield in the submarine Sturgeon, acting as a navigational beacon from which they could get a pinpoint chart position for the last run. She would be displaying a masked white light showing to seaward only and intermittently flashing the letter M.

So precise was the fleet's pilotage that at 10 p.m. the double dashes of Sturgeon's light were sighted, winking from the dark waste exactly two miles ahead.

It was a moment that impressed itself powerfully upon the expectant commandos. That the beckoning light should appear from the depths and meet them in the dark with such precision seemed to them nearly miraculous.

As they came closer in the phosphorescent gloom, they saw Sturgeon half-submerged, nothing more visible than her conning-tower, looking like a mere tub afloat in the ocean, and inside it the small, dim figure of her commander.

The import of the occasion was on every man. Even the buoyant Newman recorded: "One felt very much nearer the fighting and one's nerves instinctively became just that little bit tighter."

The two destroyers turned away, to begin an all-night patrol off the mouth of the Loire, and to await such as might return the next morning. The Charioteers watched their dim shapes fade into the night, watched the submarine slip below the surface of the sea. Now they were alone. . . .

A Scotsman's request

Forty miles to the goal.

Newman, going below, found Private F. Kelly, one of the tommy-gunners, slipping down his trousers and about to put on the kilt. The Scot looked up a trifle guiltily, saying: "Can I, sir?"

Smiling good-naturedly, Newman answered: "All right, if you think you'll fight better that way." He was glad afterwards that he had been able to grant the lad his last wish.

The haze persisted and thickened. The clouds grew denser and it began to rain a little.

This, thought Ryder, was just the weather he wanted, to avoid being seen. It did not, perhaps, occur to him in his preoccupation with the immediate present, that it was just not the weather for the bombing support that was of such critical importance.

All hands had already had their last meal and in Campbeltown the officers thought regretfully of the doom of their excellent sherry in the wardroom. They had a glass or two before supper.

At eleven o'clock were activated the eight-hour pencil delay fuses that were to set off the great explosive charge. Their known margin of error made it possible that one of them might turn out to be a six-hour fuse, so that the charge would go up at five o'clock next morning; it should not, in any case, go off later than nine o'clock.

Just before half-past eleven, while they were still several miles out to sea, the throb of bombers was plainly heard coming over to attack. The battle of St. Nazaire had begun. . . .

Midnight passed, and it was Saturday, March 28.

Half an hour later, exactly on time, the gallant little force, buoyant and eager, entered the estuary of the Loire. The air raid was already faltering to its premature end, but although Newman and Ryder had full permission to turn back should the bombing not come up to expectations, it never for a moment occurred to them to do otherwise than go straight forward.

They were now in dangerous shoal-waters and speed was reduced to ten

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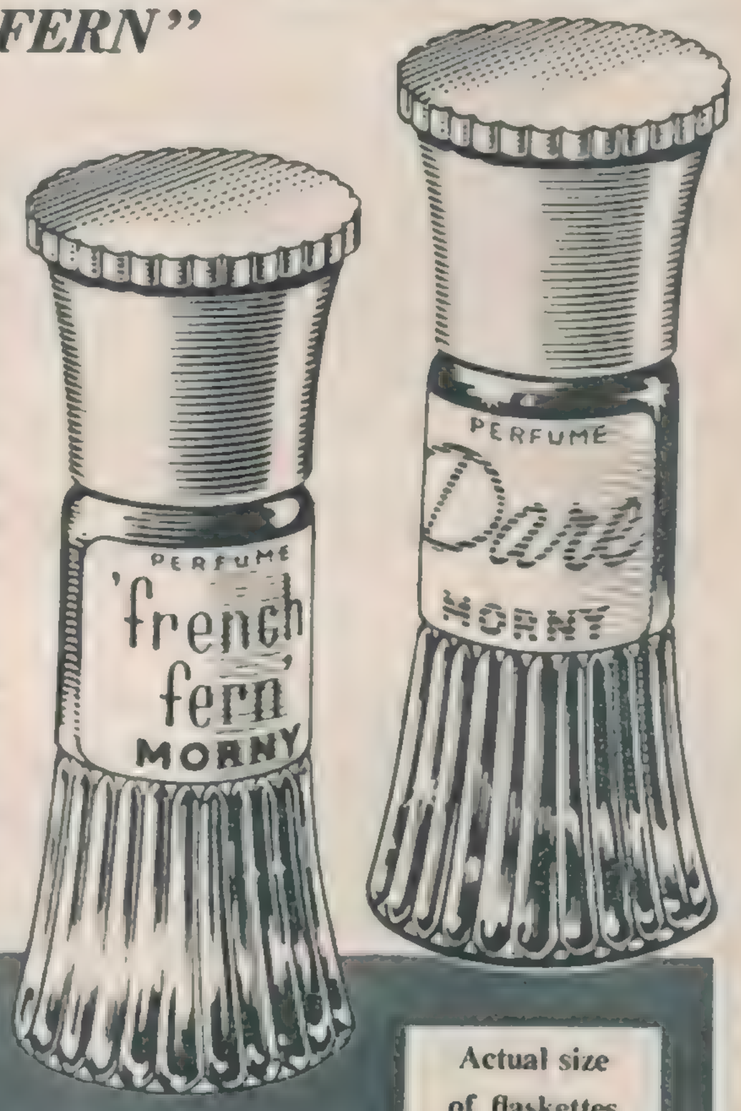

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The greatest raid of all

continued from page 30

knots, in order to minimize Campbeltown's draft as much as possible, for she settled by the stern when at speed. Navigationally, this was the most difficult part of the passage, for the destroyer, head and front of the whole enterprise, had nothing whatever to spare beneath her keel.

On slender threads do great enterprises often hang. The destroyer did in fact ground twice. Her captain, Lieutenant-Commander Sam Beattie, tall, handsome and black-bearded, looked over the side to see if the destroyer was still moving. He noted that her speed was checked, but by great good fortune she drove through without harm.

About this time yet another danger was averted. Away on the port quarter Ryder saw the dim shape of a small ship patrolling the entrance to the Charpentiers Channel. It was one of the two German harbour patrol boats.

"We held our course as well as our breaths," Ryder said later, "praying that we should go unnoticed."

Their luck still held. We know today that the patrol boat did in fact see them after they had passed, but, having no wireless, she was helpless to take any action, her attempts to attract attention by flashing her searchlight into the sky passing unseen.

The air raid had now completely stopped. All was very quiet. To the men who were stealing across the shoals nothing broke the stillness of the night except the murmur of the ships' engines moving through the calm, unruffled sea.

All hands were at action stations. . . .

Amidships aboard Campbeltown, the assault and demolition parties took up their positions under cover of the steel fences erected for them, the assault parties outboard, the demolition teams and their protection squads inboard.

Under the enemy's flag

The moon that the bombers had needed so much was partially unveiled as the clouds began to dissipate. Under the clearer light, not yet bright, but soon to be all too bright, the two columns of little boats and their big companion moved confidently forward up the hushed river, the black cross of the German ensign flying from Campbeltown's stern and masthead.

At 1.20 a.m. the gunboat, in the van for the final dash, passed the old disused tower of Les Morées in midstream, almost exactly on time.

Men spoke now only in whispers. What was happening on that dark, hostile shore?

Korvettenkapitän Lothar Burhenne, the commander of 809 Naval Flak Battalion, at his headquarters on the east bank, happened to turn his night glasses to the river and saw to his amazement a force of small ships moving up at moderate speed.

As this was the concern of the harbour commander, he reported the fact but was given the answer: "Don't be stupid. It's not your business. You would be better employed looking at the sky instead of the river."

Burhenne then reported to his own superior, Kapitän zur See C. C. Mecke, commander of the anti-aircraft brigade.

At 1.18 one of Mecke's staff telephoned the harbour commander and asked: "Are you expecting any German ships to come into harbour?" The answer was no.

At 1.20—the moment when Ryder passed Les Morées tower—Mecke signalled to all concerned: *Landegefahr* ("Danger of a landing").

On receipt of this code word, the machinery for repelling an invasion in accordance with emergency orders was put in force throughout the command. The submarine crews were evacuated inland. More particularly, all anti-aircraft guns were switched to the defence of the shores and all available troops and crews of the minesweepers, harbour defence boats and tankers in St. Nazaire took on the infantry rôle of *Stosstruppen* ("thrust troops").

At the same time the commander of the coast defence guns, Korvettenkapitän Edo Dieckmann, gave the order to his batteries: "Stand by to attack naval targets."

Why the searchlights were not switched on at once is not explained. According to the signals log, five minutes elapsed before Mecke's order to illuminate was put into effect.

Those five minutes were of priceless value to the dim shapes moving steadily onward under the misty moon.

On the bridge of the gunboat, in the van of the convoy, Ryder and his companions tingled with suppressed elation.

Ryder plays for time

At 1.22 the first searchlights flashed out. The whole force was brilliantly floodlit, showing the splendid spectacle of the long columns of ships smoothly moving in formation over the silent water.

Two German signal stations, their lamps winking through the blaze of light, at once challenged—one from right ahead in the dockyard area, the other from a position on the port beam. At the same time a few bursts were fired at the van of the force.

Now was the moment for Leading Signalman S. C. Pike, a specialist in enemy signalling, to play his part. For this critical eventuality Ryder had made careful preparation and had given Pike instructions beforehand how to act. He was to transmit in German a long, delaying message and to give the Morse name, or call sign, of one of the German torpedo boats on that coast, of which the British knew several from captured documents.

Further, as a trump card, Ryder had been provided with the cartridges for the current German Verey-light recognition signal, which we also knew.

What Ryder had not been prepared for, however, was being called up by two stations simultaneously. He would have to think fast. Pike, who had been quick to grasp what was needed of him, was standing ready at his elbow on the bridge of the gunboat with his night-signalling lamp, as the harsh white light burst on them, and Ryder told him to answer first the station abeam of them.

"Make the call sign and then the delaying signal."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Pike complied. Standing up very prominently on the bridge and wearing a petty officer's cap which at that distance might give him an outline similar to a German's, he aligned his lamp on the challenging station, made the Morse name and then began the bogus signal: *Proceeding up harbour in accordance with orders.*

It worked like magic. At the same moment, quite unaccountably, Mecke was advised by the harbour commander that the convoy was, after all, German. Firing stopped at once and several of the searchlights switched off. All hands on deck could see the German station acknowledging the signal word by word.

Shots from the shore

Before Pike could complete the prearranged signal, however, it became imperative to deal with the station ahead, which continued to challenge. Ryder therefore interrupted Pike and ordered: "Make the signal to 'Wait'."

Pike, cool and steady, complied.

"Now the station ahead. Call sign and same signal."

With some searchlights still glaring at them, Pike turned his signal lamp to the station. He had scarcely begun, however, when the ships were again fired on, but still with obvious hesitation. Once more Ryder interrupted Pike and ordered him to make the signal for *"Ship being fired on by friendly forces."*

This Pike made by directing the lamp vertically upwards, making two short flashes repeated three times, followed by the Morse name. On board Campbeltown Beattie made the same signal.

Again the firing ceased. Four precious

Foreign Affairs

Henry Simpson and his wife, of Atlanta, Michigan, held their son's first birthday party in the place where he was born—in their car.

Tibor Helvey, a Dutch radiation scientist, advertised for two men and a woman to simulate living on the moon together for eight days. Women volunteers outnumber men by four to one.

In short

Conversation Piece

The art of conversation, it is said,
  Is dead.
But conversation nonetheless,
  God wot, is not.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Sorry About Last Night

My dear Margaret,—Everything seemed to go wrong last night, didn't it? I wanted to surprise you, but it was a pity you had already seen the play. You can't really enjoy a who-done-it the second time, can you?

Did you get something to eat when you got home? You know, I was really surprised to find that little restaurant closed down. I mean, you would have thought, being miles from anywhere, it would have made a fortune. I managed to get the car fixed about an hour after you left me—and you did the right thing walking on like that. I don't know what came over me, expecting you to help push the car into town.

I hope you got the oil out of your dress. I can't think how that rag got on the seat—in some ways it was lucky you left your raincoat at home as I suggested; the rain probably helped to wash it out. Oh, and I found some of the pearls from your necklace. I didn't find many because it was dark and the rain must have washed most of them away. And Margaret, I understand how you must have felt last night, so I didn't take any notice of all those things you said to me. . . .

That's all for now, except that I was wondering whether you would like to come out with me again some time? I know a little place. . . .

MICHAEL O'LEARY

William; A Cautionary Tale

William was *enquiring*;
  He always liked to *know*;
He craved to fill his eager mind
  With information, so
He started every sentence
  With why? or when? or where?
And drove his parents nearly wild
  With impotent despair.

His head, so filled with learning,
  Top-heavy grew, and bent;
His little neck began to curve
  Then out and downward went;
His feet grew small and useless,
  Till, frighteningly fast,
They saw that William had become
  A question-mark, at last.

But did his parents waste him?
  Oh no, oh not at all;
They simply turned him upside down
  And hung him in the hall;
And there, the perfect hat-peg,
  They find him useful still.
But what an *unexpected* end
  For curious little Will!

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Summing Up

The defendant Wright told us, Members of the Jury, that he climbed into the yard to prove that the present nightwatchman was neglecting his duties and thus get his job.

The defendant Glue's story was that, kicking a tin along the road, he followed it without thinking when it went over the wall. I asked him whether he usually climbed walls when playing football, but he became so annoyed that the court had to be adjourned. When the trial continued Wright offered to turn Queen's Evidence and swear that Glue had been excluded from the local team for being unable to kick anything. On this Glue offered to turn Queen's Evidence and swear that if there was anything in the world Wright would hate it would be a job.

The subsequent fight in the dock, though interesting to watch, had nothing to do with this case. . . .

The defendants' explanation of being found leaving the yard carrying parcels of lead was that, having met quite accidentally in the yard, they decided to have a bet on which of them could get over the wall first carrying a heavy weight.

Now we come to the evidence of the Station Sergeant. . . .

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The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

minutes had been won. It was 1.27. Scarcely a mile to go. In another six minutes Campbeltown would be home.

The Germans had been completely foxed. They did not conceive it credible that a British force could suddenly appear under their noses with such effrontery so far from home.

But the brilliant bluff was at an end. Had they been genuine, the approaching ships would have stopped when fired on. Every German gun that could bear had them in its sights and at about 1.28 the storm burst.

Ryder made one last attempt to gain time, playing what he hoped was his trump card. He had reserved to his own hand the playing of it. Raising the Verey pistol in the air, he fired the recognition signal. It rose a few feet into the air and then fell sizzling into the water—for it was an aircraft cartridge, designed to be fired downwards. What the Germans noticed, however, was not its curious flight, but the fact that the red light was not the shade of red to which they were accustomed.

The battle was on.

On board Campbeltown the German colours were run down. A few moments later a German searchlight threw upon the mast a noose of light, which, travelling slowly upwards, came to rest on the White Ensign, old, weather-stained and half-drooping in the windless air.

Beattie sounded his bell to open fire. At once the eight Oerlikons burst into a shattering clamour. On the fo'c'sle Copland had softly ordered the twelve-pounder and the three-inch mortars, a little ahead of him, to keep the searchlight on the port beam covered but not to fire. He now, at the top of his lungs, orthodoxy forgotten, shouted: "Let her go!" Instantly gun and mortars opened fire.

It was a battle in which the German guns, firing from fixed and protected positions, and from behind their own lights, fought against heavy machine-guns, half a dozen two- and three-pounders and a solitary twelve-pounder from exposed positions on moving platforms, firing into a blinding white glare.

Yet in spite of this inequality the British gunners quickly established a temporary superiority. Their only targets were the mere flashes of guns or the direct glare of searchlights, against both of which it is particularly difficult to lay or aim any weapon, yet, after a three- or four-minute duel of exceptional intensity, they forced a definite slackening of the enemy's fire at this most critical moment.

Up and down the columns officers and men fell dead or wounded, but not a single ship was mortally hit. Through the whirlpool of light and the coloured rain of shells and bullets the raiders went undeviatingly ahead, nearer and nearer to their objective, moving faster now, the ships preserving unbroken formation.

It was indeed a gallant sight and one never to be forgotten by those who took part.

The main weight of the German fire was being directed at Campbeltown, clearly the main agent of whatever mischief the British were up to. "Her sides," said Newman, who looked back at her from the gunboat, "seemed to be alive with bursting shells."

Campbeltown began to suffer casualties. In the wheelhouse the coxswain was shot dead. The quartermaster jumped forward to take his place at the wheel but, almost immediately, he also fell. He attempted to continue steering while lying on the deck, but collapsed.

Captain Bob Montgomery, nearest at hand, stepped instinctively over his body and grasped the wheel, but he felt Lieutenant Nigel Tibbits, a rugged young naval officer, put his hand on his arm and move him aside, saying in his quiet way: "I'll take it, old boy."

A continuous stream of projectiles of all sorts was now striking Campbeltown, but so violent was the sound of her own weapons that the ring of bullets on her hull and the crack of small shells was scarcely noticed. When larger shells shook her from stem to stern, though, none could be unaware, and what every survivor was to remember for ever afterwards was the unchecked flow of the darts of red and green tracer flashing and hissing across her deck and the quadruple whistle of the Bofors shells.

Direct hit on big gun

Through all this the group in the wheelhouse remained tensed and alert. The bodies of the coxswain and quartermaster lay at their feet. Montgomery, as a mere spectator, kept out of the way at the back, watching and admiring the cool handling of the wheel by Tibbits, the calm and steady detachment of Beattie, who quietly cursed the searchlights. "Can't see a bloody thing," he muttered to Tibbits.

A moment later his vision was further obscured as the twelve-pounder forward sustained a direct hit from a large shell.

As the smoke cleared away Beattie saw revealed before him two stone arms with a strip of sea between them. This must be the lock-gate at last. He was shaping direct for the gap and he held his course to ram. Just in time, he saw that it was not the lock, but the long curving arms of the south entrance. He ordered sharply: "Hard a-starboard!"

Tibbits acknowledged: "Wheel's hard a-starboard, sir."

"Steer o-five-five degrees."

Scarcely had the destroyer swung to starboard than, by one of those tricks of fortune that so influence events, a German searchlight, swinging its beam, picked out for a fleeting moment the lighthouse at the tip of the Old Mole. This was the aiming point for which Beattie had been looking. From this point he had already worked out his course according to the distance he should find himself to be from the mole. As he came abreast of it, he judged it to be about two hundred yards away, and ordered: "Port twenty-five."

"Twenty-five of port wheel on, sir."

"Steer three-five-o degrees."

Only seven hundred yards now.

"Stand by to ram."

The moment had come. Campbeltown was going fast now, making a good twenty knots, her bow wave splaying wide. Every German gun that could bear was now converged upon her at point-blank range—from the Old Mole, from either side of the Normandie Dock, from the top of the submarine pens, from the roofs of buildings and from the east bank of the river.

Repeatedly hit, she was now suffering very heavy casualties, among her sailors and soldiers alike, her decks spattered with fallen bodies.

Not till he was within two hundred yards did Beattie see the great steel gate of the lock, discernible as an indistinct black line beyond the "spill" of the searchlights, straight ahead.

At the last moment an incendiary bomb, conceivably dropped from one of our own aircraft, landed on the forecastle and burst into flames.

Campbeltown held steadily on her course. . . .

© *C. E. Lucas Phillips, 1958*

NEXT WEEK: The demolition teams smash their targets

"The Greatest Raid Of All," by C. E. Lucas Phillips, is being published as a book by William Heinemann. The price is 18s.

ENEMIES—I

My best friend is my bravest enemy. That is the man who keeps me up to the mark.

Bernard Shaw

Through the window I watched Betty's face as George tried to justify his purchase. "And what happens if it rains?" she said coldly

George and the Juggernaut

by N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

It was built like a tank with brass handles, this engagement gift for Betty. I could hardly wait for the explosion . . .

It was on July the fourth, 1933, that Betty Warren spoke the words that broke my heart. I said to her, "You'll break my heart."

She laughed, showing small, white teeth. "Anything that breaks that easily will mend easily."

I couldn't understand it. I was young, healthy and strong. You couldn't deny that I was a good catch. Perhaps she didn't want to appear too forward?

I said kindly, "I expect it's been a shock for you. You think it over for a day or two, and. . . ."

She shook her head. "I can't marry you. I'm going to marry George."

"George?" I was astounded. "George Carstairs?"

"Yes." Her eyes were bright. The poor, deceived girl was actually glad about it. It was incredible. . . .

The England of 1933 was a very different country from that of today. In those days, labour-saving didn't mean devices; it meant having somebody else to do the work for you. A successful professional man like Dr. Forester, for example, had a cook-housekeeper, a maid and a chauffeur.

The cook-housekeeper was my aunt, and when she heard that Dr. Forester was thinking of getting a new car, she passed me the tip. I was up there the same day with the newest, shiniest saloon from our showrooms.

Selling cars was cut-throat work then, and when I got to the big house and found that there weren't three or four of my competitors lined up there too, I could hardly believe my luck.

Dr. Forester was an amiable old chap with a white moustache. He wandered round the car as if he had some difficulty in distinguishing the front from the back, and said, "It seems a very nice machine, eh, George?"

George stood there, stiff as his chauffeur's uniform, and said warningly, "We'll need to give it a run, sir."

I ignored the fellow. Dr. Forester looked to me to be a man trembling on the brink of signing a cheque. He just needed a nudge.

I said, "This is the car you'll want for your wife. Let me show you the. . . ."

George said heavily, "The doctor is a bachelor."

I swore silently. "Let me show you," I said, glaring at George, "the cigar lighter, and built-in brandy flask."

"Non-smoker and teetotal," George said with satisfaction.

"You smoke though, don't you, George?" Dr. Forester said with a twinkle in his eye, earning my gratitude. He turned to me. "Could we go for a spin, young man?"

I drove. The clutch was just the tiniest bit fierce on take-off, and the change from third to top a fraction tricky, only until you got used to it, of course, but I didn't want George botching it up.

When we got back, I said, "There you are, sir. Absolutely silent, and the most comfortable car you could find."

"It does seem very nice," the doctor said, lounging comfortably in the back.

George said stubbornly, "I think we ought to take it out again, sir. By ourselves this time."

The doctor looked at me. "Would that be all right?" he asked anxiously.

I sighed, and climbed out. George slid over to the driving seat, and I said softly, "Just watch the—"

"I know," he said dourly. "She's a bit fierce on the clutch, and it's an awkward change from third to top."

I could have spat at him, but I had to admit that he took her away as smooth as silk, without a jar or a judder. When they'd gone, I went round to the kitchen to ask Auntie why she hadn't warned me about George.

Auntie wasn't there, but a pretty little maid was. That was the first time I set eyes on Betty Warren. I forgot the rest, and concentrated on getting acquainted, which was pleasant work indeed. She made a cup of tea.

A little later, we heard the car swishing up the drive, and we both went outside. Betty's eyes widened as she looked.

"Ooh," she said to the doctor, "is this the car you're going to have, sir?"

Dr. Forester climbed out, and smiled. "What do you think of it, Betty?"

"It's marvellous," she said fervently.

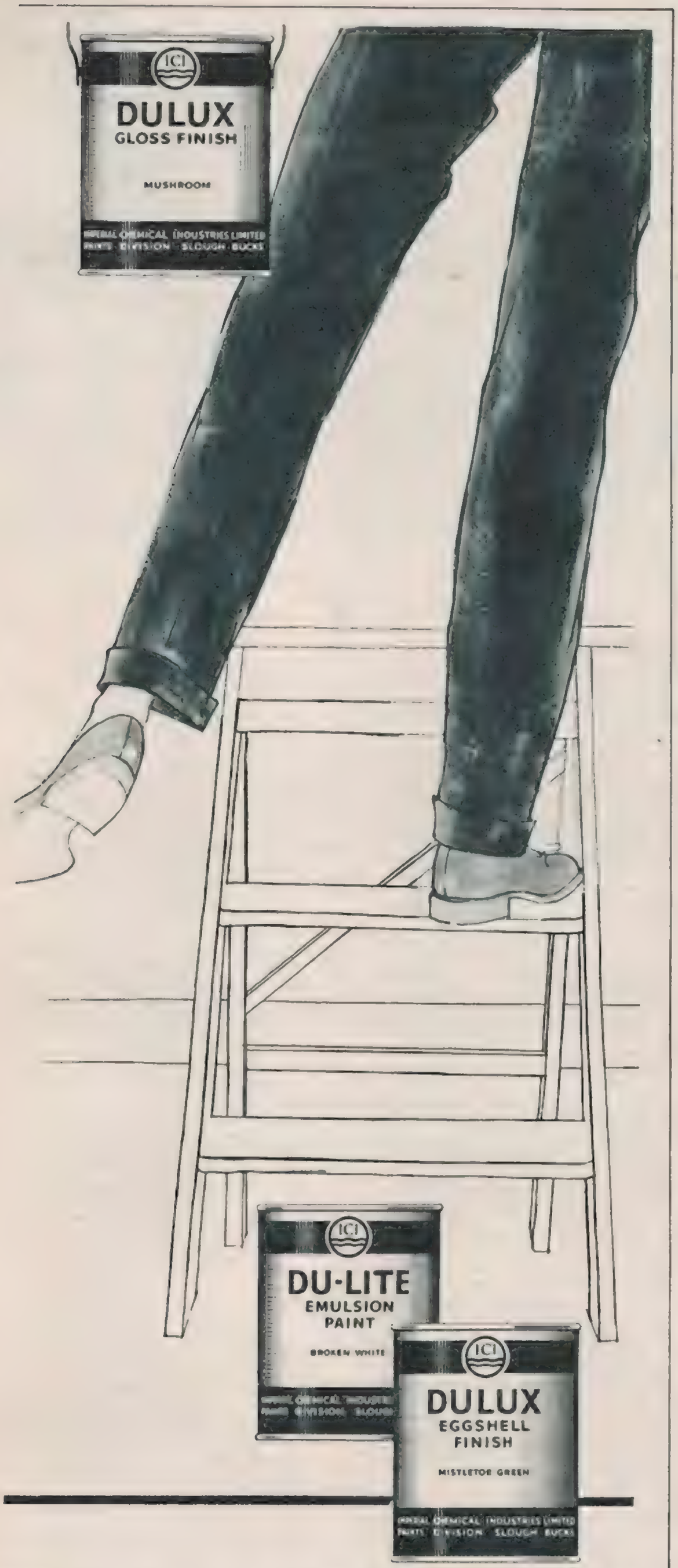
"I must confess that I rather like it," the doctor said regretfully, "but George tells me that—"

George dragged his besotted eyes away from Betty's face, and said hurriedly, "Every make has got its little snags, sir. This is the car for you."

Then I knew how the land lay. I'd been wasting my time. All I need have done was to show the car to Betty, and she'd have handled George.

Still, I got my commission, and spent it in the best possible way in taking Betty hither and thither. She used to wear pink hats and frilly dresses, and I had to admit that we made a handsome couple. I didn't regard George as a competitor, because, despite his profession, George had no car.

When I called for Betty, I made sure that I took the best available



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George and the Juggernaut

continued from previous page

model free in our showrooms. Betty liked cars, and she liked good cars. With me she could wear her frilliest dresses, and her most inconsequential hats. When she went out with George, on the other hand, she wore sensible shoes, and a suit that wouldn't show the creases—it was a quarter mile walk to the nearest bus stop.

Then, one day, Betty announced excitedly that George had left. I could hardly believe it.

"It's true," she said. "He's bought a garage."

I goggled. "What on earth for?"

"Well," she lowered her eyes prettily. "He said that he couldn't ask me to marry him while he was just a chauffeur. He's a qualified mechanic, so he thought he would buy a garage and then, later, when he's made some money, he could, well. . . ."

She got tongue-tied, but I got the drift. I could applaud the sentiment, but coming from George it was comic. George a business man! I refrained from laughing because of my inborn courtesy; and, besides, Betty might not have liked it.

I said, "It must be some garage if George can buy it." I could just see it. A greasy yard, a tin shed, a couple of old wrecks. . . .

"Oh, no," Betty said, wide-eyed. "He told me that he'd saved up a thousand pounds."

I nearly choked. A thousand pounds is a lot of money now, and it was a hell of a lot more then.

"The old miser," I said indignantly. "He didn't exactly flash it around, did he?"

Betty made a thoughtful noise, and I could see that this angle had already occurred to her.

It was from this point that the idea of marriage first occurred to me. Not that I was afraid of George, of course, but still. . . . A man brandishing a wedding-ring has a head start on the rest of the field.

I thought it over carefully, I took my time. It was a serious step to take. Several months went by.

Being in the trade, I was able to keep in touch with George's progress. Surprisingly, he didn't go bankrupt. In fact the whisper was that he was doing rather well.

Then one day a tyre salesman mentioned that George had bought himself a new suit, and I knew the moment for decision had arrived. George would never do a rash thing like that unless the future was bright indeed.

I wrestled anxiously with the problem and eventually I decided that Betty was worth it. I was prepared to offer her marriage and I was sure we would both be very happy. I immediately communicated this decision to her, and she then told me the impossible news that she was going to marry George.

I said: "You can't be serious. You'd never be happy with George."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, he's mean."

"He is not mean," she said. "He's just careful." But her tone was defensive and I knew that I had found the weak link.

"You won't be able to change him, you know," I said. "He'll lock up his cheque book, dole out the housekeeping money, check up on your bills, no new clothes, no. . . ."

"I'd rather have a careful man," she said nastily, "than one with a roving eye."

I stopped short. "Who's got a roving eye?"

"You have."

"Never," I said, pained, "when out with you, have I looked at another girl."

"No? You took Linda Kenyon dancing last Saturday, to the seaside the previous Sunday, to. . . ."

"But Betty," I said reasonably, "you went out with George those days."

I couldn't quite see what she was fussing about. I'd asked her and she said she was going out with George, so why shouldn't I make other arrangements?

"I'm not supposed to have been in love with you," she pointed out acidly.

I felt it was time to get back to the main issue.

"George is a nice enough chap," I said fair-mindedly, "in a tight-fisted sort of way. But if he had all that money, why didn't he take you out in a car?"

"He couldn't have saved if he'd bought a car, could he?"

"I could have sold him a beauty for a hundred pounds," I said. "Nine hundred would have bought a garage as well as a thousand."

"George just likes to be sure."

"George just likes money," I said cuttingly, "more than your comfort."

Betty was getting angry, but that wasn't a bad thing. Her eyes flashed. "Anyway," she said, "we're going to have a car."

"When for?" I jeered. "Your silver wedding anniversary?"

"No! He's looking for one now."

I said no more. There was nothing more to say. Besides, I had an idea.

I went to see George. It was the first time I'd seen his garage and I was quite impressed. He had a concrete forecourt with two petrol pumps and room for more; a gleaming white

"Next of kin?"

workshop, small but neat, a glass-enclosed showroom was going up at the side; and there was plenty of space for expansion.

"George, old man," I said heartily. "Betty's told me the good news. I just came to offer my congratulations." I extended my hand. "The best man won," I said, crossing the fingers on my other hand.

George wrung my fist so gratefully that for a moment my conscience squirmed at what I was going to do. I sat on it, though. All's fair in love.

George was pathetically pleased to be on good terms again. He had a bottle of beer in his little cubby-hole of an office, and we toasted each other and agreed on what a lucky chap he was; how wonderful Betty was; how decent it was of me to come, and so on. He even asked me to be best man, but I evaded that one. George didn't know it, but there wasn't going to be a wedding—at least not with him taking part in it.

He showed me round and I admired everything. I said casually: "You'll have to be thinking about a car for yourself soon."

GEORGE said: "Funny you should say that. I'm looking round now, but they all seem a bit expensive." Then he added, rash in his false security: "Have you got anything?"

"There is one in the showrooms might suit you. Would you like to see it? Tomorrow's Saturday. . . ."

"I promised Betty I'd take her out for the day. . . ."

"I'll bring it round first thing in the morning. You could take her to the seaside. . . ."

"Is it reasonable?" he asked anxiously.

"A special price to you," I said, thinking that this wasn't going to be very difficult.

We walked chummily across to the car I was using, and I got in and switched on. George leaned inside and looked at the petrol gauge. "You're a bit low," he said. "Shall I fill her up?"

There wasn't much I could do except say yes. As I sat there and listened to that liquid money swishing into the tank, I thought that perhaps George wasn't as dim as he looked.

I started the motor and waved goodbye to George, but he wasn't looking. He had his ear to the bonnet. He straightened up and said with a worried look: "You've got some tappet trouble there. You'd better wheel her into the workshop and let me. . . ."

I made an excuse and drove off before George took some more money off me. George looked like being very successful.

THE next morning I took the car I had in mind round and sold it to him with one of the best pieces of sustained patter that any car salesman could wish to produce. Most of it was unnecessary. George was hooked as soon as I mentioned the price.

When he went off to change I made my way to Dr. Forester's house and established myself in Auntie's sitting-room. The window overlooked the courtyard and I sat behind the curtain. I didn't want to miss what was going to happen.

I heard George coming some time before he actually arrived. Betty must have, too, because she came outside and stood looking around in a puzzled way, as if she feared that the dull rumbling might come from the bowels of the earth.

George made his entry, trundling round the side of the house, and pulled up in the middle of the courtyard with a flourish. There was a self-satisfied beam on his face as he climbed down from the driving seat. He advanced towards Betty and thrust a small box into her hand. He said gruffly: "This is yours." George wasn't much of a one for flowery speeches.

Betty took the box which I knew contained her engagement ring, but didn't look at it. She flung a long, pointed finger towards George's car. "What's that?" she said.

George said proudly: "It's our car."

He turned and looked at it. Betty looked at it. I looked at it.

IT was a circa 1912 open tourer by a maker long since out of business. It was built like a tank, with a great bull nose of a radiator, flanked by massive brass headlights. Running-boards like sturdy catwalks provided access for the fit and nimble. It ran on four cart-like wheels, encased in curiously narrow tyres. From each of the doors grew an oval brass ring of a handle, and I noticed that George had found time to polish these so that they shone like gold.

This was a little unfortunate, since it showed up the coachwork. George said fondly: "A bit of paint and varnish and she'll look like new." No cellulose had ever given its slick sheen to this car.

In its way it was a beautiful thing. George had seen that immediately, and cooed like a baby over some refinement in the steering. But I had gambled that its qualities were not those likely to appeal to a young woman addicted to frilly dresses and frivolous hats.

George said: "The steering. . . ."

"And what happens if it rains?" Betty asked coldly.

"It's an all-weather model," George assured her, repeating, the poor mutt, some of my sales talk.

He then set to work to erect the all-weather equipment. It didn't take him too long to fit the sidescreens into their slots. They looked like dirty brown celluloid, cracked, opaque and floppy.

The hood was another matter and soon he was struggling and puffing. Rust and decay had done its work well. Before long he was acting like a man in a frenzy. He was determined, though, I'll say that for him. I would have said it was impossible to erect that hood, but George somehow got it up. The car sat there, placidly wearing its torn shroud, the rents in the fabric flapping idly in the gentle breeze. It looked a bit like one of those pictures you see of the first World War staff cars that have just been shelled.

FEEBLY, George said: "A new hood, and. . . ." But even George, not the most perceptive of men, was beginning to feel that all was not well and at that point he fell silent.

"And this," Betty asked, her voice tinkling like cubes of ice, "is the car you've bought for me?"

"It was such a bargain," George said, irrevocably trapped now. "It was only ten pounds, and——"

"Is that why you bought it for me?" said Betty, dangerously quiet. "Because it was so cheap?"

"We've got to watch expenditure," George said practically. "There's a lot of capital tied up in the garage and I shall need money for expansion, and. . . ."

Betty was studying the little box in her hand as if she'd just noticed it.

George said: "Open it. It's your engagement ring."

It was then that Betty snapped and her temper boiled over. "I expect that cost money, too," she cried. "Take it!" And she threw it into the back of the car. "Take it," she wept, "and your car. Go away. I wouldn't like to think that you'd had to spend money on me. Anything else, but not money. You. . . ."

I crept stealthily away. There are some things it is best that a man does not witness.

I went back to the showrooms and spent an hour polishing our newest and most luxurious saloon, I explained that I should be out for the rest of the day showing it to an important customer, and went back for Betty.

She was silent as we drove along, but I didn't bother her. She would need a little time to get over it. We

ENEMIES—2

No more dangerous snare is set by the fiends for human frailty than the belief that our enemies are also the enemies of God.

John Ruskin

My Notebook

by A VETERINARY SURGEON

Clean up your pet's coat with a home shampoo. And then you can keep it shining—with chalk

ON my rounds one afternoon I came across Mrs. Scott, a member of my golf club, standing in her front garden with a bottle of paraffin in one hand and a rag in the other. She was about to catch hold of her black cat, Sooty, which had a streak of white along one flank.

"My husband has just redecorated the front door," she said, "and the cat has brushed against the wet paint."

Before she got busy with the paraffin, I thought it best to interrupt. "Sooty," I said, "would rather you simply cut away the tips of hair affected."

Cats, as well as dogs, are often allergic to paraffin or turps, and these chemicals can cause severe irritation, especially if they happen to get on the tender spots between the pads of the paws.

Oil or tar is best removed from a pet's coat with eucalyptus oil or butter.

Where other cleaning of dogs and cats is concerned, the aim should be to do it as little and as seldom as possible, relying mainly on daily brushing and combing.

A good dry cleaning with one of the proprietary chalk preparations is often well worth while.

Washing raises the problems of a really thorough drying afterwards to avoid chills. Constant washing can alter the texture of the hair and remove the animal's natural oily protection.

Use the right soap

If, however, a bath becomes inevitable, use one of the specially prepared animal soaps or shampoos. Ordinary domestic soaps, especially those containing carbolic, may irritate the skin.

Do not frighten a dog by plunging it into a deep tub. Stand it in just enough lukewarm water for it to be possible to scoop up the water with the hands. Wet the coat thoroughly before applying the soap or shampoo, but, of course, be careful to avoid the ears and eyes.

Washing a cat can be a hazardous business for all concerned, and the cat will never thank you for it, but a safe stratagem is to soap the inside of a stout cloth bag or pillowslip. Put the cat inside the bag with its head out, and secure the bag round the cat's neck with a drawstring.

Immerse the cat and bag in the water. The water will penetrate the bag, and a lather can be worked up with the hands and on to the cat.

Caged birds will wash themselves if provided with a bath in their cage. The cutting away of soiled feathers is often the only solution to other cleaning problems.

One of the most difficult fallacies to explode is that whenever a pet is off-colour the cause of the trouble must be worms.

Many is the time that an owner has come and told me that his dog has been rubbing its tail along the ground. True, this can be a sign of worms, but it is far more likely that the dog simply wanted to scratch itself and had no other means of doing it.

Outward signs of worms are the animal's poor rate of growth, listlessness, dull harsh coat, poor appetite and perhaps a pot belly.

Modern remedies, however, are easy to give and are most reliable. There is no need to fast the pet beforehand, or to give a purgative afterwards.

The mischievous kitten

I was giving a kitten a routine injection against feline enteritis when his owner remarked: "He's a mischief, clawing at furniture and curtains."

But she added, very sensibly: "Now, I feel, is the proper time to take a firm hand."

She was right. Destructiveness in a cat or dog can be an expensive nuisance. The time to check it is when the animal is young; an older pet which works off its energy by ruining furniture is usually beyond correction, and will probably have to be kept outdoors where no damage can be done.

At times a puppy worries a rag or slipper because teeth are soon to be shed, and the shaking is a source of relief. But the worrying is instinctive, and once the pet realizes that its "quarry" can be torn or destroyed, it looks for other objects to attack.

A gentle tap of reprimand does no harm, and the pet's attention can be diverted to a solid bone, or an old slipper.

A cat which exercises its claws on furniture should be provided with a small log, reaching about two feet high when stood on end and preferably with the bark still on it. Put it beside the hearth or wherever else the cat likes to lie.

There are, of course, the dogs and cats which dig holes in flower beds and even try to burrow into settees and easy chairs.

The reason for the behaviour is usually due to the approach of whelping or kittening.

Alternatively, it can be a symptom of the make-believe condition known as "phantom pregnancy." Your vet can correct this with hormone treatment.

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George and the Juggernaut

continued from previous page

headed for the South Coast. In those far-off days it was still possible to find a sandy cove where you could be quite alone with a car, a picnic basket, and a girl.

This I needed because my plans included an amorous afternoon designed to erase all thoughts of George from the poor deluded girl's mind.

We had a peaceful picnic lunch; then we changed. I turned to Betty, feeling that it was time to turn on the romance. She stopped me dead. Her shoulders were shaking and big tears were trickling silently down her cheeks.

"I l-l-l-loved him so," she gulped.

Gloomily, I began to pack up. It was no good. I knew what I had to do now.

I took her home, went back to the showrooms and told them I hadn't sold the car. I selected another with great care and drove over to see George.

He regarded me with extreme dislike but I got in before the reproaches started. "Betty wants to see you," I said. "Now."

"You must be crazy," he said, mulling over my words and looking for the trap. "She said she never wanted to see me again. She said. . . ."

"I've just left her," I said wearily. "She's potty about you, for some reason I fail to understand."

He began to look less like a sheepish hound. His eyes brightened. He slipped on his jacket.

I said: "Before you go, you're going to spend some money. You're going to buy this car." I gestured towards the one I'd brought with me.

It was a modestly comfortable saloon, just right for the rising business man and his bride. It was the car I should have sold him in the first place.

George looked doubtful. "It looks a bit expensive," he said cautiously. "I don't know if I can afford. . . ."

"You've got to afford it," I said roughly. "Isn't Betty worth that much?"

He started to look haggard again. "It isn't that. I've sunk everything I've got into this place. I don't know if. . . ."

I thought I might as well do the job properly. I'd got him into this, putting suspicions into Betty's mind. It was up to me to get him out.

I said: "Anyway, it's not going to cost you all that much. I've got a special client for the tourer. He wants just that model. If you'll trade it back, we'll allow thirty pounds on it."

At least this lie was in a good cause. George agreed happily. He was on to a solid twenty pounds' profit, and I was beginning to know George well enough to realize that this idea would appeal to him exceedingly.

I watched him drive away, and it seemed to me that I could see wedding bells chiming above that modestly comfortable saloon. At the same time I wondered what my firm were going to say about the deal.

I caught the boss just as he was about to leave. Fifteen minutes later the affair was concluded and I tottered out of his office. The financial arrangements were complicated but final. I had received a month's salary in lieu of notice. This, together with commission due, I had been required to return immediately to pay for the sum I had allowed on the tourer. The car, the boss pointed out, was now my property so that I could have no complaint. . . .

I climbed into my circa 1912 tourer and drove noisily away. I felt that life had fetched me a hearty kick. I decided to go and see if Linda Kenyon was free. She was always a comforting sort of girl.

Luckily, she wasn't doing anything. Our excursions that weekend were extremely modest, due to the fact that they had to be encompassed on four gallons of petrol and seventeen shillings and threepence. But they were adequate.

By Monday morning I was beginning to realize that trying to alter other people's lives to suit me made me pretty low. I had to go and see George to make sure that all was well.

I found him wandering about his garage grinning like a loon, so I gathered that all was fine. I said: "George, I'm sorry," and waited for the punch on the jaw.

He told me my fortune in no uncertain manner, ending with a strict injunction to get off his property and never try to sell him any more lousy cars.

I said: "You needn't worry about that. I've been sacked."

"Sacked?" He cooled down a bit then and stroked his chin. "Look," he said. "There's something I want to talk over with Betty. You come back here tomorrow morning."

I was so down that I did what George told me. And next morning he announced gruffly that Betty and he had decided that he wouldn't be able to look after both service and sales. He wanted me to build up the sales side.

"On commission only," he added, his native caution asserting itself."

That didn't worry me. I knew I was a good car salesman. And certain monetary matters were so pressing that I swallowed any remnants of pride and jumped at the offer. I suggested one variation for the sake of the future. That a company be formed for the sales side, and that I get forty per cent of the then utterly worthless shares. George hummed and hawed, but he couldn't find any snag and we shook hands on it.

I said: "There's one thing, though. I shall need a car to get around in."

"Why?" George asked, looking at my tourer with a straight face. "You've got one."

It was the first time that I suspected him of having a sense of humour.

I made something of a virtue of running her. "Carstairs, Limited," I'd say, "cuts its margin to the bone—that's why our prices are so keen. Why, look at the sort of car I run! No big saloons for me, which the customer has to pay for. . . ."

It went down quite well. If they didn't believe it, they laughed at it, and after a while I became fond of the old car. It was a sort of mascot. . . .

It was from its high driving seat that I waved a weak good-bye to Betty and George as they left for their honeymoon.

And if there was a hole in my stomach and a sad lump in my throat, still, beside me on that high driving seat was Linda Kenyon, kind, pleasant and as good to look upon as a dewy spring morning.

They say time heals, but it doesn't. It changes. A year from that day I was able to look at Betty with amusement, liking and an almost complete disbelief that I had ever been in love with anyone but Linda Kenyon.

This was at the moment when we posed for photographs on the steps of the church, Linda's arm in mine, me stiff and uncomfortable in my hired suit.

It was when our first-born was on the way that I raised with Linda the question of getting rid of the old tourer. "The business is going pretty well," I said, "but we're going to need every penny. I could get a fiver for it. . . ."

She was disappointed. "Do you have to sell it? I only began to love you when you bought that car."

I was a bit surprised and I said: "What do you mean?"

"Well, when I first knew you, you always used to come in some flashy cars that didn't belong to you and spend money right and left as if you were rich, and I knew you couldn't be." She said thoughtfully. "I didn't know if I liked you or not. I thought not."

I opened my mouth, and then changed my mind and let her go on.

"And then you came for me one Saturday with the old tourer, do you remember? You had your own car and, even if it was old, it belonged to you. You were quieter and more subdued. You were careful about how much money you spent. You weren't reckless. And. . . ."

She looked at me and I kissed her, thinking what a lucky fellow I was. The way she'd seen it wasn't right and yet, as it turned out, it was. After all, I suppose even wild oats, if they're lovingly reared, will yield a crop. I loved her then, and I knew that nothing would ever change that. THE END

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ENEMIES—3

You must not fight too often with one enemy, or you will teach him all your art of war.

Napoleon Bonaparte

"How do you *know* you don't like lobster and pineapple goulash if you've never tasted it?"

The Northern Light

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before, Lady Wellsby had given a large party and neither she nor Henry had been invited. It had been a bitter pill for Alice to swallow.

Her progress along Park Road was agreeably uneventful, but as she approached the centre of the town her eye was caught and held by a most unusual spectacle. At the news stand in Victoria Square a large crowd was pressing round the stand, to buy some sort of bulletin.

ALICE's curiosity was aroused. She joined the queue and after some difficulty secured a copy of a single sheet of slightly smudged typing. Then she saw the heading: THE NORTHERN LIGHT. At first she could not understand; then came a stab of realization. This was the actual paper!

A shiver of consternation went over her. She took a few indecisive steps forward, like a startled hen, wavered, then halted, saying to herself, "I can't face it." She turned and started back for Hanley Drive.

Meanwhile, the commotion round the news stand showed no signs of abating and, from his office window, which afforded an angled view of the square, Archibald Wellsby stood observing the unusual scene. The reaction provoked by the appearance of the stencilled *Light* had astounded him. During his regular morning round of the factory just completed it had been the subject of indignant comment everywhere.

Halliday, his manager, who accompanied him, had condemned the *Chronicle's* sequestration of the printing hall as iniquitous—it was shameful that an old Hedleston institution should be forced to the wall by outsiders. Jim Davies, his six-foot head foreman, captain and international half-back for the Rugby League thirteen, a real personality and general favourite, to whom even Wellsby genially deferred, had summed up the general feeling when he said bluntly: "It's a proper dirty trick, Sir Archie. Just when Page was getting the better of them. Something ought to be done about it."

THESE remarks, especially that suggestive and stimulating phrase, "just getting the better of them," were circulating through the convolutions of Wellsby's mind as, still planted at the window, he thoughtfully lit his first cigar of the day. Personally, he was not particularly worked up; nevertheless, the situation appealed to him strongly, as a successful speculator.

His vanity, which was considerable, assured him that he was the leading figure of the borough. Often he would say to his wife, "Ellie, you're married to the most popular man in Hedleston." And now he began to perceive what an opportunity was presented him to rise even higher in the general esteem.

A loan of ten, fifteen, yes, even twenty thousand pounds, off his own bat, would mean little enough to him and it would almost certainly save the day for Page and the *Northern Light*. The news of it would go through the town like wildfire. By Jove, they'd think the world of him for stepping into the breach.

Besides, Sir Archie cogitated wisely, it would prove a thoroughly profitable investment when he came to stand for Parliament. Although not a man to be bound beforehand, Page would certainly back him to the hilt at the next election. Henry was, above all, reliable, which was more than could be said of this chap Nye, who seemed just a trifle too smart to be trusted. A man of swift decisions, Wellsby puffed hard at his cigar for a few seconds—a sign of intense mental concentration—then rang for his secretary.

"Put me through to the *Northern Light*." As he stood waiting, a thought crossed his mind. "No . . . let me speak to Lady Wellsby."

By this time Mrs. Page had reached

THE GUINNESS POPULARITY POLL

"Yes, it's a more-you-drink-it, more-you-like-it taste, if you know what I mean. You can't compare it with anything else because nothing else is a bit like Guinness. But you'll love what I call its *clean* taste. You feel at once that you're drinking something *good*. Believe me, your money's well spent on Guinness".

MAKE A BREAK FOR A GUINNESS

and always have some in the house

Lots of people drink their first Guinness on a doctor's recommendation. Or because their friends have found it good for them. Others try it because they say to themselves: a drink as famous as Guinness must have something special about it. And that really puts it in a nutshell . . . *Guinness has something.* Something worth while for you.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS

—in bottles, in cans, or on draught

G.E.3109 B

Advertisement

"Doctor, my game is going to pieces"

"Doctor, I get this sort of shooting pain in my arm—my game has gone to pieces. Is it fibrositis or rheumatism or what? And how can I get rid of it?"

Mr. G. is one of those people who don't go to the doctor for nothing. He is a sensible middle-aged man with a growing family. Mr. G. is a keen amateur golfer, too, and normally plays off an enviable handicap. Naturally he was worried—and his golf made the discomfort more obvious to him.

First of all I examined Mr. G. to make sure that his trouble really was some form of rheumatism. For muscular rheumatism is by far the most common kind of rheumatism. And although it's not a dramatically serious disease, it can be intensely painful, as anyone who suffers from it knows all too well.

I asked Mr. G. where the pain hurt and he said it was in the muscle just above his elbow. He was very surprised when I gently pressed the muscles at the top of his shoulder to find that that hurt even more. "But it didn't hurt there before doctor!" he exclaimed.

"Maybe not Mr. G.," I said, "but you may be surprised to know that that's what's causing your trouble."

"But I don't understand, doctor? What's causing it to hurt in another place some distance away?"

So I explained to him that the real cause of muscular rheumatic pain is often what we call "trigger spots." These are little knots of muscle that have got into a state of cramp. They vary in size—they can be as big as a marble or much, much smaller.

"Now Mr. G.," I said, "what is really remarkable about these trigger spots is that they are often some distance away from where the patient feels the pain. For example, he may feel the pain in his arm. But the cause is trigger spots in his shoulder muscles. It's what doctors call referred pain, because the pain is "referred" from one place to another."

"Well, which place should you treat, doctor?" he said.

"The answer to that is both," I replied. "You should treat the place where it hurts because that helps to relieve the pain, but, as you can imagine, you won't get rid of it finally until you've treated the cause. And the cause, as I said, is the trigger spots. Get rid of the trigger spots and the pain they trigger off vanishes."

"Well that is extraordinary. No wonder the stuff I rubbed on didn't do any good. But what is the treatment?"

"Well, a Harley Street doctor has discovered that adrenaline can be used to great effect in getting rid of the trigger spots."

"What is adrenaline?"

"Adrenaline is a natural substance produced by two small glands near the kidneys. It's a very remarkable stuff and has a very powerful effect on muscle. Its action is too complicated for me to explain now, but it's enough to know that it contracts some muscles and relaxes others.

"But I won't have to have injections, will I doctor? I can't bear them."

"Oh, no! Mr. G., you needn't worry. You see, this Harley Street doctor found that the simplest and easiest way of applying adrenaline was in the form of a cream. So that all you have to do is massage it in thoroughly over the trigger spots, and where you feel the pain. Another thing is that only a minute amount of adrenaline is needed in the cream—about 1 part in 5,000. So there's no possible danger."

"But is that enough to get rid of the trigger spots?"

"Quite enough. The Harley Street doctor tested it on thousands of patients over a period of years and found it was extremely effective. And since then many other doctors, like myself, physiotherapists, nurses, and—most important—people who used to suffer from rheumatism, have found it works very well indeed."

"What do you do with it? I mean how do you apply it?"

"You just rub it in over the place where it hurts and on the trigger spots that are causing the pain, using a kneading action with the finger-tips and thumbs. It shouldn't take more than a few days to have you fit again. The figures kept by a clinic in London show that five out of ten people need only eight treatments.

"Now that I've found out what the matter is in your case, you'll be able to treat yourself at home. That's what's so good about this new treatment—patients don't have to keep coming to the clinic and I save a lot of time."

"But how do people find their trigger spots, doctor? You've shown me where *mine* are, but how do other people find theirs?"

"Well, the adrenaline cream I'm giving you has a very useful chart enclosed with it. It shows where to find the trigger spots for many kinds of muscular rheumatism. This cream is called Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream and it is the cream specially developed for the Harley Street doctor. It's important, too, that Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream is certified to retain its adrenaline potency for at least 12 months People can get Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream for themselves at any chemist's.

"Just follow the directions, Mr. G., and in a very short time you'll be knocking half a dozen strokes off your handicap."

It is regretted that no correspondence can be entered into. But if you would like to have a free booklet, called "How to Relieve Your Rheumatism," written by the doctor who developed this new adrenaline treatment, and giving full details, write to Dept. R.I, Howard Lloyd & Co. Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

The Northern Light

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home and, through one of those extraordinary mutations which so notably distinguished her, the abject mood in which she had begun her circuitous return was gone. She went into the library and sat down, sustained by a growing sense of vindication, resolved at all costs to be calm, level-headed and composed. Henry had brought this upon her—from the beginning she had warned him; he had ignored her warning; *this* was the result.

Permitting herself the final indulgence of a tragic little smile, she set herself to face the future with fortitude. She would be loyal to Henry—she had always been a good wife.

Already, too, tangible sacrificial schemes were flitting through her head for the support of the family. Naturally, her jewellery would go. With her few bits and pieces, she would ensure that they all had bread.

And there was more, much more, that she could do: exciting possibilities took shape before her. Might she not open a shop to sell her needlepoint, or perhaps a tea room for a superior clientele?

There was a knock on the door and Hannah entered. "What about your lunch, Mrs. Page?"

Abruptly, Alice came back to the present, blinked for a moment, became again the saviour of the household, and said, very quietly: "I'll just take some toasted cheese and a glass of milk."

She *knows*, Alice told herself, when Hannah had gone, and she felt that her old Scottish maid would respect her, not only for her reserve, but for this first step towards retrenchment. Still, when the toasted cheese came in, nicely set out on a tray, it was a generous portion, and Alice enjoyed it.

Then the telephone rang. It was Lady Wellsby.

"Alice, my dear, is that you? Eleanor Wellsby here. Alice, we want you and Henry to come to dinner next *Thursday*. A cosy little evening for the four of us. Is that all right?"

Alice could not believe her ears. She managed to say: "Yes . . . yes . . . I think we're free."

A warm glow suffused Alice as she replaced the receiver. She was esteemed, in the depths of her adversity, and for herself. That Eleanor Wellsby, of all her friends, should at this fatal moment come to her support was the greatest compliment she had ever received.

She tidied her hair, studied herself in the mirror, and went downstairs, where Hannah brought her a strong cup of tea and some digestive biscuits. While she was drinking the tea, she heard the sound of a car outside, then Henry's key in the front door. A few seconds later he appeared. By this time she had thought of many things to say to him, less in anger than in sorrow, but before she could speak he came directly to her, kissed her, then took her hand.

"Alice," he said, straight away, as though he could not contain himself, "my belief in the essential goodness of people has been restored."

Her eyes widened at this opening, so typical of Henry in his uplifted moments, yet so unexpected it astonished her. But he completely took her breath away as he went on.

"This morning the bank—Wellsby, if you like, for it really comes out of his pocket—made me the loan. Far more generous than I expected. And on what security? On the name of the *Northern Light*."

"I don't understand," she faltered, disturbed by his elation. "I saw the miserable little sheet."

"That is precisely what did it, my dear." He spoke less excitably now, trying to keep command of himself, but she had never seen him so moved. "Our effort to keep the paper going has finally brought things home to the people. All morning we've been swamped by telegrams and phone calls. There's a wonderful editorial in the *Tynecastle Echo* tonight. And tomorrow there'll be another in the *Manchester Courier*." He smiled shakily, the first time for many weeks. "Even the clergy are getting behind us, at the eleventh hour. Gilmore rang me to say his sermon will be about us on Sunday . . . the text, 'Let there be light' . . . ."

"But, Henry," she protested, unconvinced, "how will you carry on?"

"Token editions till next Monday . . . and that should do us some more good." He smiled again. "Tom Gourlay tells me people are paying him as much as half-a-crown for them as collector's items—he's making a fortune. On Monday we start printing again in earnest. Major Seaton has loaned us the Armoury Building for as long as we need it; the machines are going in tomorrow. Poole and Lewis, all of them, even Hadley, are taking their coats off and getting down to it."

"But, Henry, you can't go on printing in the Armoury?"

"Of course not. It's only a temporary measure till we find something permanent. In fact, if I'm not mistaken, we'll be back in our own premises before the year is out. Don't you see how this has backfired on the *Chronicle* lot? They've bought the printing hall and I still have the lease. They're compelled by law to make the statutory alterations within three months. At the end of that time, if I'm any judge, they'll be out of business, and glad to dispose of it.

"I tell you, Alice, I've never felt so happy. I've settled our outstanding account with the Northern Mills. I've paid the staff, and all my bills. Thank God, I'm clear and out of trouble, and if you're a patient lass it won't be too long before you have the house back in your own name."

Alice was still distrustful, unwilling almost to believe in this turnabout, after she had reconciled herself so agreeably to disaster. "So you actually think . . . ."

"Let's say that I'm most hopeful, Alice . . . and deeply thankful, too. And now"—he put his hand to his forehead in a tired manner—"I have to get back to the Armoury. I'm meeting Seaton there at six o'clock. But I had to stop in and give you the good news."

"If it's really so good, Henry"—she looked at him questioningly—"I mean, for instance, will you be able to have the Philharmonic this year?"

"Of course. I'm going ahead with the concerts. It's the best kind of

"Just think, dear—all our own peaches, plums, apples . . ."

publicity, and besides, we enjoy them."

"Then . . . I'll actually be able to give my reception as usual?"

"Yes, my dear, have it by all means. You know I like you to be pleased. And there's talk of getting up a testimonial dinner for me. You might enjoy that, too. . . ."

OUTSIDE it was raining as Leonard Nye racked his cue and stared from the window of the billiard room at the dripping, half-dead street. In the grey afternoon, some workmen were squatting under a tarpaulin shelter, drinking tea, before a brazier of coke. They seemed always to be drinking tea, which one of their number was deputed to keep boiling in an outsize billycan.

The sight of this stoic inertia, which ordinarily would have amused Nye, seemed for some reason to put an extra chip on his shoulder. He and Smith were in the same sort of mess, all right, but their tea was running out and fast.

He got his raincoat and umbrella from the cloak-room and started for the office —there was nothing else to do. For the past month getting out the *Chronicle* had become a perfunctory routine—they were down to a mere twenty-six thousand copies, while the *Light* was selling a clear seventy thousand, almost back to normal.

It was perfectly evident to Nye that they would never reduce the lead Page had gained on them. Most of the staff had gone back to London, but Smith was still here with him, making a show of running the paper in the illusory hope that somebody might be induced to buy it.

Smith still kept up a show of activity, which became progressively more pointless and feverish, but he was all washed up and he knew it. At the rate sales were slipping, Somerville wouldn't hold on much longer.

Of course, he told himself savagely, if only Smith hadn't been so damned ladylike in his tactics they'd have won hands down. Half measures were no good when you were in a fight. It must be all or nothing, and Smith had never gone all the way.

Still, Smith was the one who would really take it on the chin. He had imagined it would be so easy, had banked so completely on success, that it was laughable to see how his morale had crumbled.

By this time Nye was in the Cornmarket. As he crossed the square, he saw Page come down the steps of the *Light* Building. A young woman was with him. She was a looker, all right, tall, with curves, not too much, just right.

For a second Nye wondered who she might be, then Page's son—he'd seen him twice before, a tall, long-haired, poetic-looking bird—came after them and she smiled and took his arm. None of them saw Leonard—he didn't want them to—and keeping them in the corner of his eye, he half turned towards a shop window to light a cigarette. They got into Page's five-year-old Vauxhall and drove off.

LEONARD went on to the office. As he expected, Smith was there, trying to seem busy, at his desk.

"Anything fresh?" Nye flung himself into a chair.

"Not a thing."

"What's the word from the Honourable Vernon?"

"Nothing." Smith blew his nose several times—his catarrh was on again. "At least, no news is good news. If only . . ."

". . . something would turn up." Nye finished it for him, imitating his tone.

Smith reddened.

"Your last bright idea didn't do us a lot of good. In fact, it practically wrecked us."

"How was I to guess that Page would bring out that bloody stencil? You never know where you are with a prig like him. God"—Nye's temper boiled over—"I'll never forget that first day when he opened up on us with his sermon on the sanctity of the press. If there's a type I can't stand it's the mealy-mouthed do-gooder, the uplifter who wants to create Utopia with his niggling little broadsheet.

Smith said: "I bear no grudge against Page. He's a fine man."

"Yes," Nye said bitterly. "I just passed him. He did look fine . . . on top of the world." He stabbed out his cigarette. "The son was there. They had a skirt with them."

"A young woman? Quite attractive?"

"That's the understatement of the week."

"She's David Page's wife. They live very quietly . . . at Sleedon."

"She didn't look the quiet type to me."

"Oh, let's leave the Pages alone," Smith said. "They're decent people."

"It's nothing personal. I just hate their entrails, all of them, on principle."

Leonard got up and left Smith, walked down the street to the Victoria Bar, where he had a Scotch and a chaser of Bass. Somehow he couldn't get the thought of young Page's wife out of his head.

Nye was not susceptible to women. As he delicately expressed it, he'd been there and back so often he was inclined to be blasé. She interested him in a different way. She seemed not to belong to the Pages at all, but to be on his side of the fence. It was as though some subconscious affinity existed between them, something hidden and altogether unexpected.

While he couldn't explain it, she gave him the feeling that in some circumstances, he had been associated with her before.

He told himself it must be pure imagination. He might merely have caught a glimpse of her when she came to do her shopping in Hedleston. And yet . . . he wasn't quite convinced.

Uncertainty was beginning to get him down when Smith walked in.

"Nothing came through," Smith said, "so I thought I'd join you."

"Have a drink?"

"I think I might." He moistened his lips nervously.

NYE waited. He'd been expecting this for some time. He knew Smith . . . through and through. He knew that although he passed for a strict Good Templar, when he was in real trouble he gave way. For him drink was poison and afterwards he had the most ghastly remorse, but on three occasions, to Leonard's knowledge, he had gone out on a terrific splurge—not for fun, but because he couldn't help it.

"What are you having?" Smith asked.

"Scotch and a beer."

"Well. . . ." He gave a kind of sick smile. "I'll just have my ginger ale."

Not yet, chum, Leonard thought. But it's coming to you, all the same.

"Look, Smith," he said. "It may surprise you, but I think we ought to go to this concert."

"Concert?"

"Page's charity do. On Saturday."

Smith stared at Nye. He said, "You're not serious."

"I'm not sure whether I am or not. But I vote we go."

"Why?"

"Just an idea."

"You and your ideas." He gave Nye a sulky look and drank his ginger ale in a quick gulp. "The last one was a beauty."

Nye wasn't going to start another wrangle on that score. He waited, knowing Smith couldn't resist trying to find out what was on his mind.

"What is it?"

"I think," Nye said, with mocking satire, "it would do us good to mix socially with all these nice people. Besides, we don't want to crawl out of town. Let's put up one last good act in public and go out with a bang. Can you get tickets?"

Smith gazed at him doubtfully.

"I believe so."

"Fine. Get seats near the front if you can."

Before Smith could shape his next question Leonard got up, paid for his drinks, and went out.

Two days later, in the afternoon, when Dorothy returned from Tynecastle, Mrs. Page met her in the hall.

"There you are, Dorrie. I want you

Getting Away

WINTER HOLIDAYS CAN BE CHEAP

Drinks on ice—at Wengen, Switzerland

You don't need to be rich to have a ski-ing holiday, says Elizabeth Nicholas. For only £40 you can enjoy a fortnight on the snow

IN the last decade the pattern of travel has changed out of all recognition; and few people would assert today that a summer holiday abroad is the exclusive prerogative of the rich. But, curiously, the idea still lingers that a *winter* holiday abroad is certainly not for the likes of *us*. . . .

Tens of thousands of people—specially young people—could tell them how wrong they are. Escape from the grey, damp, dreary misery of an English winter is, they say, even better than escape from the grey, damp, dreary misery of an English summer.

So off they go to the high, sun-drenched snowfields of Europe for a superb ski-ing holiday in December, January or February; coming back burned black, singing the joys of Alpine bliss to all who will listen. Why don't you?

What about a ski-ing holiday this winter? Think of hot sun glistening on crisp, clean snow; of après-ski fun in little bars and cafés—dancing, singing, music, talk, a glass of wine or good beer—of escape to a world that is fresh and sparkling and invigorating. . . .

The new mass market for winter sports has reduced prices greatly; even over Christmas, £40 should buy you a fortnight on the snow, inclusive of everything, London back to London. Eight days could probably be managed for about £30.

Yes, but what about kit, you ask. I would say at once, keep your initial purchases to a minimum. You will probably adore ski-ing, but it is just possible that you may not take to it.

Borrow to keep warm

Ski-boots, sticks and skis themselves can be hired in most resorts; you may have, or can borrow, proofed trousers, a windjacket, ear-covering of some sort, roomy, waterproof mitts and thick socks.

You must have a pair of good sunglasses—not just coloured glass—for the glare of sun on snow can harm the eyes, and an effective cream to protect your skin from wind and sun.

As a travel writer I see both sides of the picture—that of the agent and his client—and it is my firm belief that the novice does better if he lets a reliable travel agency, experienced in winter sports holidays, make his booking.

Before deciding which agent, study carefully what he includes in his quoted prices, for extras can pile up alarmingly. If you are a beginner, good instruction is essential; you will want to use ski-lifts and cable railways—these cost money; coming back cold, perhaps, and muscle-bound, you may long for a hot bath, and/or afternoon tea—extras again.

If your agent quotes a price that includes such things, plus hire of basic equipment, you will know pretty well what your holiday is going to cost you; extras other than these are a matter of personal inclination, and can be kept low.

But if you book just board and lodging, paying for all your extras yourself, as they arise, you will almost certainly find that you have, in the end, spent more than you would have done if you had gone to a first-class agent.

The higher the better

When to go? Snow, at Christmas, can be sparse; if you want your holiday then, choose a centre at a high altitude. January should bring good conditions, and it is also rather a bargain month, prices falling between Christmas holidays and the February rush of experts.

In January, what is more, the days are longer, allowing more time on the slopes, and that means more sun, too. I would say that January is the time for the novice who has to count his pennies.

Where? Well, my feeling is that for the beginner, Austria and Switzerland cannot be beaten. In Austria, I would pick Saalbach for fair prices, good ski-ing and sun; one agent offers fourteen days there for thirty-seven guineas inclusive of travel, sleepers, hotel, ski-hire and instruction and, in January, a season ticket giving unlimited use of ski-lifts.

Oberau is also inexpensive, with south facing slopes for sun, north facing for good snow conditions. A fortnight there, over Christmas, would cost about £35. But there are many more—let your agent guide you.

In Switzerland avoid the big, famous resorts; choose somewhere like Lenk, in the Bernese Oberland, or Château d'Oex, where prices are not high, and conditions are good for the inexperienced skier.

Italian ski-ing is first rate, but appeals more to the expert; later in the season Norway comes into its own, with very cheap ski-ing holidays; France, personally, I adore: but it is *not* inexpensive.

I don't want to end on a gloomy note —but *do* insure *fully* against accidents. Probably you won't need it; but, as you toss the cover note away on your return, you can consider that it represented money well spent.

Make the day with Cadburys Milk Tray*

1
2
3
These three are news!
1 – delicious Walnut Fudge, entirely new.
2 and 3 – a new look for your old favourites Cream Strawberry and Orange Cream
Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates

*So thickly covered with Cadburys Dairy Milk Chocolate

The Northern Light

continued from previous page

to take a little note out to David and Cora."

"To Sleedon!" Dorothy said, making it sound as if it were the North Pole.

"Yes, dear. Your father just called me from the office. We want them to come to lunch Sunday, before the concert."

"But, Mother, I've had a hard day. And it means taking the bus. That old rattletrap shakes you apart."

"You can take your bicycle, dear. You've scarcely used it since you got it. It's a lovely afternoon, and you haven't been getting nearly enough exercise lately."

The reason for this unexpected commission, like the unusual appearance of Henry with David and Cora in the streets of Hedleston, lay in the report which Dr. Evans had sent Page from Scarborough. That cheerful psychiatrist, while maintaining his optimism, had suggested that it would be well for David to vary the essential quiet of his life by coming more frequently to town and "mixing more with people."

ACTUALLY, Dorothy was quite pleased to go. She liked her sister-in-law, who could always be depended on to give her a good tea.

She had not gone very far, however, when she saw somebody on the pavement signalling her to stop. Instinctively she braked, drew into the kerb, and jumped off. Only then did she recognize Leonard Nye.

"Well, Miss Dorrie, I'm glad I caught your eye. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Is it?" Dorothy said unwillingly.

She had no particular animus against Nye for his opposition to her father. The point of her own quarrel with him was more personal; she hadn't by any means forgotten what he'd written about her when she spotted his wretched Treasure Man—it had got her teased to death at the art school.

"I imagined you'd gone," she said, in a voice that wished he had.

"We shall be soon." He took no offence. "I thought I'd like to say goodbye before I left. Just to show there's no ill-feeling."

"Isn't there?"

Dorothy was beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable. She groped around for an excuse to leave, but before she could think of one he said: "I was just on my way to the hotel for a cup of tea. I don't suppose you'd care to join me?"

"I'm sorry. I'm going to have tea with my sister-in-law at Sleedon."

"Oh, yes." He nodded quickly. "I saw her in town the other day. She seemed nice."

"She is."

NYE smiled. "It's extraordinary, though," he meditated pleasantly. "I've been two years in Hedleston and never run into her before. She must lead a very quiet life."

"Yes, she does," Dorothy said shortly. "You probably know that my brother's been ill. And she realizes that the country is best for him."

"I did hear something of that." He nodded sympathetically. "He's lucky to have such a good wife. Did they meet when he was in the army? Was she a nurse?"

"Good gracious no," Dorothy burst out. She was on the point of correcting him when, with a sudden brainwave, she realized that he was pumping her, exactly as he had done before. Seeing a chance to get her own back, she put on a soft look and laughed.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. It's just that you're so wrong."

"I must be mistaking her for someone else. Who is she, then?"

"Why," Dorothy improvised, making it as different as she could, "she's the daughter of an old Scottish friend of Mother's. She and David have known each other since they were children."

"Oh!" he said, looking rather put out.

"Her parents are both very close friends of ours. We all used to take holidays together. At St. Andrews. They had a house quite near . . . Banksholme. . . . Of course, that was before she went away to teach."

"To teach? Where?"

"At a girls' school in the north of Scotland . . . Aberdeen, to be exact."

"I see." He sounded more disappointed than ever. "What was her name before she married?"

"Elizabeth Castleton," Dorothy answered, not batting an eyelash. Where it came from she didn't know, probably out of a film she'd seen, but it sounded rather well.

"Castleton," he repeated, as though trying to place the name, but failing, naturally enough, to do so. To Dorothy, pleased at having confounded him, it seemed a good moment to leave.

"I'm afraid I must be off. Elizabeth is expecting me."

She left him standing there. For some dirty reason he'd wanted her to disclose Cora's humble origin, and she was jolly glad she'd dished him.

It wasn't long before she drew near to Sleedon. As she coasted down the hill into the village she caught sight of Cora walking on the pier and rode to meet her.

"Dorothy! What a nice surprise!"

Dorothy got off her bike. She said, "I brought a note from Mother."

Cora took it doubtfully. But when she'd opened and read it her expression changed. Her face shone with pleasure.

"Your mother is very kind, Dorothy. She's asked us to dinner—I mean, to lunch—tomorrow." She folded the letter carefully, put it back in the envelope, as if it were something to be treasured, then straightened up. "Let's go up to the cottage. I must give you some tea."

They started off, wheeling the bike between them. The quality in her sister-in-law that attracted Dorothy could be summed up in her own phrase: Cora was decent. She never tried to be anything but herself, and she would take endless trouble for other people, especially David, cooking and washing and mending, making a wonderful job of the garden, besides putting up with all his highbrow airs and graces.

But there was something else about her that was hard to explain, a sense of strain that showed through her quiet manner, that seemed to keep her on edge and make her sad. However, at present, she wasn't like that, but really in good spirits. . . .

"Cora," Dorothy said, when they sat down to tea, "how come you're so wizard at these delicious drop pancakes?"

"Well, Dorrie, if you promise to keep a secret, I'll tell you." She spoke gaily, still lifted up by Mrs. Page's invitation, and she looked unusually pretty sitting there. "It's because one summer I did nothing else. I must have made hundreds of pancakes for hungry trippers. Yes, hundreds. I did."

"Good gracious! I hope you ate some yourself."

"No, I didn't . . . not much. The smell of the fat gets you down . . . when you're among it all day."

It sounded so comic Dorothy burst out laughing.

"I wish I'd known that when I was talking to Nosey Parker Nye this afternoon. If I'd told him that Elizabeth Castleton made pancakes for a living I'd really have raised his hair on end."

Cora, half smiling, did not understand in the least. Dorothy had to explain the joke, so between mouthfuls of tea and pancake she gave a full account of her meeting with Nye. She thought it would amuse Cora no end, but to her surprise all the pleasure went out of Cora's face.

"What could he want," she asked anxiously, "stopping you like that . . . in the street?"

"Oh, that's how they are . . . these reporters. Always trying to take people

"Do you know of a good stander in?"

down a peg. You know what a sweet job he did on me."

"Yes," she said slowly, as if thinking things over. "But that was different. I don't even know the man. And he certainly never knew me."

"Well, he doesn't know you now." Dorothy laughed. "Believe me, Miss Castleton, I really led him down the garden path."

"Did you? That was smart of you, Dorrie." She shook her head, as though trying to brush something off and not quite succeeding, for after a pause she said, "I thought they'd gone . . . all the *Chronicle* lot."

"They will soon. He told me so himself. In fact, he said goodbye."

"Did he?" She seemed greatly reassured, and her expression lightened. "We'll be well rid of them. Your father . . . all of us. From the very beginning they've been up to no good. Well . . . it's time for David's tea." With a glance at the clock on the mantelpiece she rang a little bell on the table beside her, then smiled at Dorothy. "That's our signal. He's so busy, dear, don't bother him with what we've been talking about."

ON Sunday afternoon, at five minutes to three, Harold Smith and Leonard Nye left the Red Lion together to go to the concert.

They had timed things well. When they arrived, the orchestra was tuning up; the auditorium was full; and in the reserved seats most of the local notables were assembled with their wives, in their best attire. Some had come because the proceeds were for a "worthy cause," others because these Autumn Philharmonic Concerts were now a recognized social occasion in Hedleston. Yet many were there purely because Henry's quiet persistence year after year had raised the standard of taste in the borough and taught some of its honest burghers to appreciate good music.

Nye, however, had no such opinion.

"What crap," he said to Smith, after surveying the audience. "They're all trying to look like grand opera was their lifelong passion. I'll give you ten to one they don't know Chopin from Chinese Chopsticks."

He broke off sharply—at that moment, acknowledged by a murmur of applause, Page came in with his wife and daughter, followed by David and *her*. Nye watched them take their places a couple of rows ahead.

In the past two days Nye had made some inquiries locally, in addition to his interview with Dorothy, and had got nowhere.

He had felt it idiotic to be here, making a show of themselves when everybody knew they were licked, and Smith was obviously of the same opinion—staring at his programme, he looked as uncomfortable as any man could be. But when Nye set eyes on *her* again he knew he had done well to come. There was something . . . something about her . . . that hit him again, and hard.

At first she was smiling; she seemed shy, talking in low tones with her husband. She had on a dark red dress, not new or fancy, but it did something for her—red was certainly her colour. She wore no lipstick and with her pale face, dark hair and eyes, she looked damned attractive.

She was turning round to talk to somebody when suddenly she saw Leonard. Immediately, her expression changed, stiffened a little, and her smile died. Then she looked away quickly, in a put-out manner. He had stared at her hard; it was natural she should look away; yet he could have sworn she was disconcerted.

The concert began, but Nye didn't hear the music. He was thinking, thinking and studying young Page's wife, quite convinced now that Dorothy, the little rat, had deliberately misled him.

She must have sensed that he was watching her; as the concert went on, she grew more and more restless and uneasy. Once or twice he felt that she was on the point of turning round again, but she checked herself. At last, David began to notice that she was not attentive to the music. He bent towards her and whispered:

"Are you all right, dear?"

Nye couldn't hear her answer, but apparently she reassured her husband, who glanced at her once or twice, then back at the stage, where the orchestra began tuning up for the main item on the programme, Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony in B minor. For the next few minutes nothing happened, then, to discover if Nye was still watching her, very slowly and guardedly, so as not to attract the notice of the others, she turned her head.

FOR a moment they stared straight into each other's eyes. Now Leonard was sure that she was scared—yes scared stiff. She went white and gave so perceptible a start that David swung round and saw Nye. He threw him an angry look, bent close to her, and took her arm.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No . . . nothing."

"Nobody is annoying you?"

"No . . . it's very warm in here . . . I felt a little faint."

"Would you like to go out?"

Nye saw that she wanted to leave but was afraid to admit it. She lowered her head, took a handkerchief from her bag and put it to her nose. He could smell the eau-de-cologne.

Then David Page half rose from his seat, but finding himself blocked, leaned over to his sister at the end of the row.

"Go out quickly," he said, "and get a glass of water for Cora."

Cora! That name hit Nye like a bullet. By God, that was it! All afternoon he'd been getting nearer and nearer. And now he was there. Cora Bates . . . Blackpool . . . that summer three years ago.

To be continued next week

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Everything's wild about Harry

continued from page 9

stopped eating. We had a ring of four waiters round the table, not doing anything, just looking and wondering whether to call a little white van.

Harry was still in his element. "Good morning, Fred," he repeated three times to each of the new waiters. They nodded gravely back. "No, I don't think I'll have spaghetti. No knitting today."

Lunch was punctuated by peals of Harry's maniacal laughter, loud throat-clearings and yet more nonsense monologues.

I have been married to Harry for ten years. He is quite the happiest man I know. "I just love your husband," an American hostess in New York once told me. "I guess he must be about the most spontaneous man in the world."

He had turned up at the party, on a dry, cloudless day, wearing gumboots and a sou'wester.

Harry has so few inhibitions I don't know why he never gets into trouble.

In Nice, at a grand and slightly stuffy hotel, he changed all the shoes round outside the bedrooms.

The same night he found a porter who understood no English. Harry at once launched into a nonsense tale, telling the man: "Twelve kids I've got at home. Smashing they are. Live in a lovely igloo. Right next to the North Pole, you know."

Smiling as though telling him how good the hotel's room service was, Harry went on: "Murdered my grandmother the other day. Such a lovely woman, she was. But it was terrible, man, she kept putting sugar in my tea, and then one morning I came down and she'd shaved off her moustache. I couldn't stand it, I tell you. That sort of thing happen round here much?"

The porter, eager to please, smiled and nodded his head in agreement: *"Ah, oui, monsieur, oui, oui."*

Through darkest Surrey

If possible, Harry is even more uninhibited with his friends. We live in Sutton, Surrey, a very respectable dormitory town.

One day this summer, just for the fun of it, Harry and Eric Sykes, the scriptwriter, drove through the main street in an open sports car, Harry wearing a white tropical topee and Eric a black wooden native mask they had brought back from safari in Africa.

One reason why Harry gets away with everything is that nobody takes him seriously—they can't, when he looks so absurd. After ten years he is still able to pull faces that I have never seen before.

If he has half a chance to mock his shape, he'll take it. He was given a couple of smart modern nightshirts one Christmas. He left the room, and five minutes later called me out. There he was, standing on the upstairs landing in his nightshirt, looking ridiculous with a bowler hat on his head and his feet turned out at a quarter to three.

There is something about his round, chubby features that defies the dignity of a bowler.

We went to a christening one day with Harry thinking he looked very correct in a dark blue suit and bowler. Everyone at the church started giggling. Since that minor embarrassment he has worn one only for comedy.

This is most of the time. Dressing-up and mimicking is basic to Harry.

Before we go on holiday he always memorizes the guide books for the area. Then he solemnly intones information about the places we drive past.

He can't resist a sequence of nonsense: "This was the home of Lady Lyons. Married a café owner. Gave birth to twelve little cafés, who lived in all the principal cities of England, Scotland and West Togoland. This last was the black café of the family. He got drunk."

The first time I saw Harry, he was using an assumed voice. It was at a dance in Swansea after the war, and a man I thought was a Canadian in a red check shirt came up and asked: "Say, lady, do you feel like dancing?"

He danced like a goon

I had been bored until then, but Harry—it was him—changed that. He gooned round the floor, wobbling stiff-legged from side to side like one of those dolls that walk by themselves.

On the way to the bus stop afterwards he looked at my girl friends, all an inch or two taller than him, and asked: "Do you always have this bodyguard?"

It was two years before I married him. He took some getting used to. He used to wave me cheerily goodbye on the buses, and shock the rest of the passengers by saying: "Don't forget to return the family silver."

We were married by his brother Fred, a Church of England vicar. Harry was fooling around before the service, introducing him to everyone as "the black sheep of the family."

We bought our home in Sutton six years ago. There has been a constant, unresolved battle between Harry and me about his untidiness.

Ten minutes after I hear top C in the bathroom—that's the time Harry allows himself for dressing, hardly ever longer because it might cut into his sleep—I go up and hunt along the trail: pyjama jacket on the landing floor, shaving brush and basin smothered with soap, towel crumpled, pyjama trousers on the bedroom floor, between two and five of his fifty suits on the bed, plus an array of discarded ties and socks; if he has had a bath, water all over the floors and walls.

In ten years I don't think a day has passed without Harry making me helpless with laughter over something.

Sometimes I bring him down to earth, though. After the first day's filming of *Davy* at Elstree, in which he played the main part, Harry was sitting by the fire in our living-room with his feet stretched out. When I came in, he was dreaming of being a big, big film star.

I told him: "Come on, Gregory Peck, put some coal on the fire and don't forget you're a father." He hooted with laughter, and I've not caught him day-dreaming since. THE END

Crevasse

continued from page 20

could she jump six feet in snow, and how could we catch her?

"Fool," I said.

"You know something better?" said Hans.

A hardness in his voice brought my eyes round and for a moment I studied them. In both faces was the same hardness, the handsomeness peeled away like a layer of skin; granite underneath.

And one thing more. I saw it written on their pale lips. Determination to survive. Nothing would break that resolution in them that whoever died, they must survive.

"She must jump," said Hans. "Helga." He put his hands to his mouth to shout.

"Be quiet," I said, "or I'll send you down the crevasse."

He stared at me, unafraid, but hostile.

"Give me your skis," I said. "The only thing is to make a bridge."

"You are mad," said Gunnar. "We must go for help—for ropes."

"Give me your skis, you swine," I whispered.

They never answered me. "We are going for help," Hans called to Helga.

They were already climbing sideways up the slope. I started after them in useless fury, and quite coldly and scientifically Gunnar drove the spike of his right ski stick at my face. I almost fell, and he smiled coldly down at me. "You had better stay with her," he said. "We will be back in two hours."

"Are they coming back?" Helga whispered. "You are not going too?"

"No," I said. "I'm staying."

"Oh, God," said Helga, and hid her face in her hands. Two hours. Maybe three. Even if the shaft held, she would freeze to death like that, afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe.

I went down on my hands and knees, unlatching the heel springs of my skis. Then I crawled forward until my face was over the crevasse.

The ice shaft groaned far down where it was still rooted to the glacier. Helga moaned softly and I began to slide my skis forward, out over the darkness, until they touched the snow cap on the far side, bit into it and held, making a narrow, frail bridge. I slid my chest on to it.

"Come to me, Helga," I whispered. "Take off your skis and lie flat, then crawl towards me."

Helga's fingers were so numbed that she could barely undo her ski springs and, when at last she stretched out towards me, she lay quite still for a moment, afraid to move.

"Come," I begged her, "crawl towards me."

A foot between our reaching fingertips. Inches. And then, with infinite slowness, the tips of our fingers touching, passing, palm to palm, palm to wrist; until I could lock my fingers on her forearms and begin clawing myself backwards with my toes dug into the snow behind me; drawing her slowly toward me.

As she came, the last rays of the sun blazed on the wall of the crevasse beneath her as if the whole sheet of ice had burst into tongues of fire. And in that second, while she was still stretched over the crevasse, the ice shrieked far down. I threw myself backwards as the glacier shuddered under me, and suddenly the whole weight of Helga's body was pulling me forward again, over the cliff's edge.

I saw my two skis falling, twisting downwards like narrow leaves. The toes of my ski boots, my knees, the bones of my body hooked and clawed at the snow . . . clawed, and held. And for the length of a breath it was enough not to be slipping downwards.

Then the agony of inching backwards, drawing her body up on to the glacier's edge, up from the thousand feet of darkness until she lay face downwards in the snow beside me.

And all the while I could see the great shaft of ice on which she had been crouching sway slowly outwards and then downwards. And, long, long afterwards, the crash of its falling.

We lay still for a long time after it had fallen, until our legs stopped trembling, and we could trust them to stand upright. Then, very slowly and clumsily, we stumbled up the slope of the glacier, like crippled birds walking.

We didn't talk. Just a word now and then, encouraging each other, and our hands together, until we came to the door of Joachim Bauer's farm, and pounded on it until we heard his old, grumbling voice calling: "Who's there?"

"It's Johann," I shouted. "Johann Falk and Helga." And Helga put her face against my shoulder as if it belonged there now.

"Never leave me," whispered Helga. "Promise you'll never leave me?"

"I promise," I said, and then Joachim was opening the door, in his red flannel nightgown and his nightcap, with his wife anxious as a stout white goose behind him. My knees were strangely weak, and I was trying to hold on to Helga's hands. But people were drawing us apart.

I slept for eighteen hours, and woke up not much the worse for wear. But it was ten days before Helga was about again, and whatever excitement there was had died away. Not that there was ever much. We're used to accidents like that in the mountains. A girl had done a foolish thing and two men had gone for help, while a third had saved her by a mixture of rashness and miracle.

"You must have set the ice falling again, putting that weight on it," old Joachim said. "It's a miracle you weren't both killed. You deserve to have been. Why didn't you wait for Hans and Gunnar to come back?"

And that was the general opinion of the village. Why hadn't we waited? As it was, we had missed the rescue party in the darkness. And I heard that Hans and Gunnar were a good deal annoyed when they found out exactly what had happened. Nobody was surprised when they dropped Helga, and turned to girls with more sense of responsibility.

"What could she expect?" everybody said, and they shook their heads over the way she turned to me, a man as foolish as herself.

Indeed, it took both Helga and me a long time to live that night down. And I don't know whether we have lived it down yet. For what can you say against the royalty of a man like Hans, the oak-tree worth of a man like Gunnar? Can you describe the set of their mouths during a few moments a long while ago? Can you be so wicked as to say that a farewell wave of a ski-stick carried a threat of death? How could you say such things of men who are so obviously worth more than yourself?

Only the most spiteful and meanest jealousy could say it, and so I keep my mouth shut whenever the conversation down in the village concerns Gunnar or Hans. It concerns them quite often, too, because Gunnar is a Provincial Councillor now, and Hans is turning his father's tavern into a ski hotel and bringing riches to the valley. While I am still a peasant.

But I think I would rather be as I am. And, when I have climbed the path back to my house and closed its door behind me, I am sure of it. Because Helga is there to welcome me, and I touch her golden hair with my hands, and she calls me Little Bear. Our son, who is three now, comes shouting from his corner: "No, no, no! *I* am Little Bear. Father is *Big* Bear."

And we laugh.

THE END

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ENEMIES—4

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B. R. Haydon

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We advise...

OUR old cottage is structurally sound, except for one wall which has bulged outwards by about three inches, thus threatening the roof rafters. These now catch the top of the wall by only two inches. Unfortunately, I have very little capital and I wonder if there is any way in which I can get assistance. If I don't the whole house will eventually come down.—P. B., Dartmouth.

● Your local council can make an improvement grant for converting or modernizing a house, and the town clerk will tell you the procedure and conditions for application.

To qualify for a grant, an improvement or conversion scheme must put a dwelling into good repair, make it free from damp, light and ventilate it properly, provide internal hot and cold water supply with a bath or shower and a sink, proper drainage, electric or gas points in each room. Adequate heating, facilities for storing, preparing and cooking food and fuel storage must also be provided. The minimum expenditure on such improvements eligible for grant is £100, and the maximum grant is £400 or half the cost, whichever is less.

There are millions of homes in Britain without all these conditions, but fewer than 200,000 improvement grants have been applied for since they were instituted under the 1949 Housing Act.

THE NEW ALPHABET

I BELIEVE there is a contest in connection with the proposed formation of a new alphabet. Can you tell me who is running it?—Miss R. C., Sale.

● The Public Trustee, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, is offering £500 as a prize for a design of an alphabet of at least forty letters as described in George Bernard Shaw's will.

Full particulars can be obtained by sending a foolscap stamped (4½d.) addressed envelope to the Public Trustee. The competition is open until the end of this year.

ACHING DOGS

RECENTLY my dog's pads have become soft and he quickly gets sore feet when out exercising. How can I remedy this?—R. R. B., Leicester.

● There are several ways of treating soft pads. Sponge them with methylated or surgical spirit; soak them daily in a weak solution of alum, or stand the dog's feet daily in a solution of one part of potassium permanganate to a thousand parts of water.

This last method gives very satisfactory results, but has the disadvantage of discolouring the hair.

IT WAS HER MONEY

MY wife, who died a few months ago, had an account in the Post Office Savings Bank, the book being in her name. Will you please let me know how I can obtain the money.—T. McS., Bonnyrigg.

● Make a claim by completing Form S.B.4, which should be obtainable at the post office.

LEAVING OUR HOME

WE are buying a house on mortgage, but later this year it is possible that we shall be transferred to another part of the country. We are reluctant to sell up, and wonder how we would be affected by income tax if we let the house furnished?—Mrs. J. S., Paignton.

● If you let your house furnished, you will continue to be liable for the Schedule "A" tax, but you will also continue to obtain the benefit of tax relief in respect of the interest which you pay on your mortgage repayments.

There will also be tax on the net profit you derive from the furnished letting. In calculating the amount of this net profit you will be allowed to deduct the Schedule "A" assessment, the cost of repairs, an amount for depreciation of furniture, the rates (if you pay them), the insurance of the furniture and any other overhead expenses.

CREMATION

RELATIVES strongly disagree with my opinion that cremation is more desirable than burial. If I wish to be cremated after death, is it necessary to state this in my will? — Z. K., Greenwich.

● It is not essential to write into a will a request to be cremated, although it is usual to do so.

You can get full information about this subject from the Secretary to the Cremation Society, 47 Nottingham Place, London, W.1.

HOW MUCH CAN I EARN?

I GET a war disability pension of more than £3 per week. Can you tell me how much I may earn before becoming liable to income tax?—E. W., Mansfield.

● Your disability pension is not taxable and, apart from that, you could earn up to £180 a year before being liable to tax.

RIGHT OF WAY

THE house in which I live is set well back from the road, which is bordered by a copse. A new landlord is trying to make us use a different path to the road. He has removed paving stones from the old path, making it dangerous for my children. Can he deprive us of ground which we used before he bought it?—Y. H., Wallasey, Cheshire.

● The landlord cannot alter the original terms of your tenancy, nor take away any part of your ground without getting a court order.

If he has made the path dangerous he becomes liable for costs arising from his action.

CAT TROUBLE

UNFORTUNATELY, my cat has become infested with lice. Can they be transferred to me, or to soft furnishings in the home?—D. O. M., Brighton, Sussex.

● It is most unlikely that lice from a cat would be transferred to the owner, or infest soft furnishings.

Lice cannot exist away from their animal host for more than a few days, and only spread from one body to another during very close contact.

They rarely leave a warm body of their own accord.

CIGARETTE CARDS

CAN you tell me of any concern interested in cigarette cards?—D. K., Grimsby.

● The London Cigarette Card Co., Ltd., whose address is 30 Wellesley Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

ANSWER ON A HINGE

TRYING to lay a thick fitted carpet in our bedroom, we found that the door would not open over it. Can you suggest a remedy? — Mrs. E. M. S., Maidstone.

● The best solution to this problem would be to fit rising butt hinges to the door.

These will lift the door clear of the carpet when it opens. They are obtainable from most ironmongers.

DUSTY PUP

DIRT resembling coal dust in my puppy's coat keeps it constantly scratching. What is the cause — and what should I do?—L. M. O., Wapping, London.

● The "dirt" is a sign that the puppy has fleas, and these are most likely the cause of the scratching. Get a reliable brand of flea powder and follow the directions carefully.

DUSTY CEILING

OUR ceilings are of plaster board, and recently dust has been percolating between the beams. In consequence, the ceiling always looks dirty. How can I prevent this?—H. C. B., Urmston, Manchester.

● Joins between the sheets of plaster board or between plaster board and ceiling beams can be treated with Polyfilla cellulose to seal them up.

BATHROOM BLUES

OUR new bathroom was distempered deep pink by the builder, with medium blue paint on the woodwork. These colours look terrible — I would like a colour scheme which doesn't get on my nerves so much. — A. S., Bury.

● A good suggestion would be Seculate Anti-condensation compound for walls, finished in Coronation Grey, a separate finish put on afterwards, and white woodwork.

This palish grey should fit in with almost any colour of floor.

SPOT OF SOOT

HOW can I remove a soot stain from a covert cloth coat?—J. L., Newton-le-Willows, Lancs.

● Brush away as much of the soot as possible, then sprinkle the spot with an absorbent such as french chalk, cornflour or fuller's earth. Work the absorbent into the soiled cloth until it becomes discoloured, then brush it off. Repeat this until the mark disappears.

Should the stain persist, as happens when there is another deposit in the soot, make a paste by mixing a little absorbent with carbon tetrachloride (which must be used with care). Apply this to the spot, allow to dry and brush off.

HOW DO I GO?

TO whom do I apply for information about emigration to Canada?—Miss M. C., Honiton, Devon.

● The Canadian Immigration Services, 61 Green Street, London, W.1, will have to deal with your application for entry into Canada.

We suggest that you also get into touch with the Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women at 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1; this organization can help you with employment there.

SEEING THE MEWS

HOPING to visit London shortly, two of us would like to view the Royal Mews. I understand that one needs tickets to do so, but I don't know where to apply for these.—M.O., St. Ives, Cornwall.

● Application to view the Royal Mews can be made to the Superintendent, The Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.1, at least two weeks in advance of your visit.

The Mews are open to ticket holders on most Wednesday afternoons.

A tip for tidy painting

DECORATING my sitting-room, I find difficulty in painting skirting boards and window frames. Can you tell me how to paint quickly with a clean edge?—G. W., Helensburgh.

● For window frames stick Sellotape on the edge of the glass. It can be torn off later.

There is a useful device, the George paint shield, for skirtings and door frames. Hold the shield against the edge with one hand and paint with the other. It costs 2s. 6d.

£1,500

ARRAY of BULLETS AWARDS, headed by

£1,000

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WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Vital To Britain	Fanning The Flames
Co-operation Pays, So	Car I Want
Angler Kruschev	Bubbling Over
Wind From The East	At The Critical Moment
The Uno Umbrella	In Triplicate
Words That Will Live	Clanking Machinery
The Wise	Cock Of The Walk
Weak And Helpless	After The Interview
Law Of The Mob	Spared No Expense
Unhealthy	At The Agricultural Show

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Saving Up For.....	Why We're.....
On The.....Side	Colonel Chutneigh's.....
The Worst Of.....	She Loves....., But

EXAMPLE ..... **1s.**
BULLET

EX. ..... **1s.**
B.

EX. ..... **1s.**
B.

EX. ..... **1s.**
B.

EX. ..... 5th BULLET **FREE** WITH 4 PAID
B.

EX. ..... 6th BULLET **FREE** WITH 4 PAID
B

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A super Christmas Turkey goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,164 Post not later than last collection on **MON., OCT. 27**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee as above for £1,500 WEEK.

Signed.....

Address .....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

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Bullets No. 2,159 Result:

£350 plus Golden Birthdays Award, or £500 lump sum: D. B. Allison, "Dunelm," 209 Grahamsdyke Street, Laurieston, Falkirk:

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£25 Miss O. Dawson, 147 Fulwell Road, Sunderland: **Didn't Have A Chance—My Day—Today, *My*!**

£10 A. W. Cussans, 121 Crumlin Road, Belfast: **At Hotel Magnificent—Big Umbrella—Then "Soaked"!**

£9 K. G. Thomson, 14 The Green, Bexleyheath: **We Laugh At Father, But—*Admired* Dad—*Adored* Daddy!**

£8 Mrs. L. T. Ingham, 161 Wardle Road, Rochdale: **If Russia Were Wiser—*World* Healthier—Wealthier.**

£7 E. R. Lees, 37 Towncroft Avenue, Middleton, Manchester: **Not Too Far—*Moon* Becoming "Off-shore Island"?**

£6 V. E. Richford, "Hazeldene," St. Columb Road, St. Columb, Cornwall: **The Red Carpet—For Germs—That Scratch!**

£5 A. Bentley, 6 Tintern House, Augustus Street, London, N.W.1: **Nice People—Again—At Hunt *Ball*!**

£5 G. J. Bray, 52 Dingle Road, Upholland, Wigan: **Torpedoed The Landlord's—Prize Pike—Dad's Dart!**

£5 C. Thomas, 54 Mitford Street, Stretford: **In The Jazz Cellar—Paws Over Ears—Mice?**

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 22), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 8, for early news of No. 2,164 result.)

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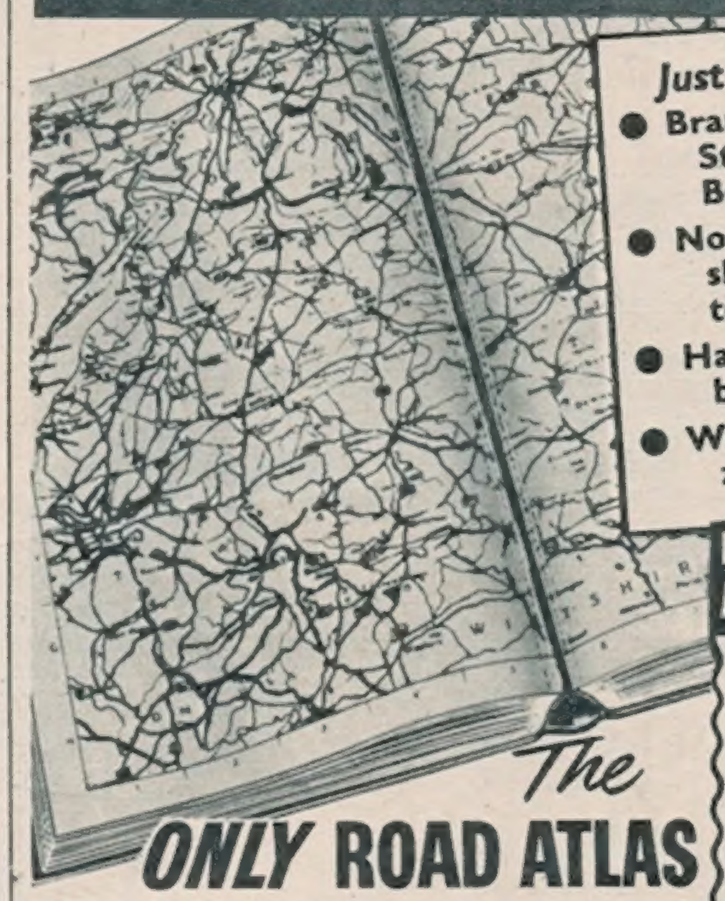

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